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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

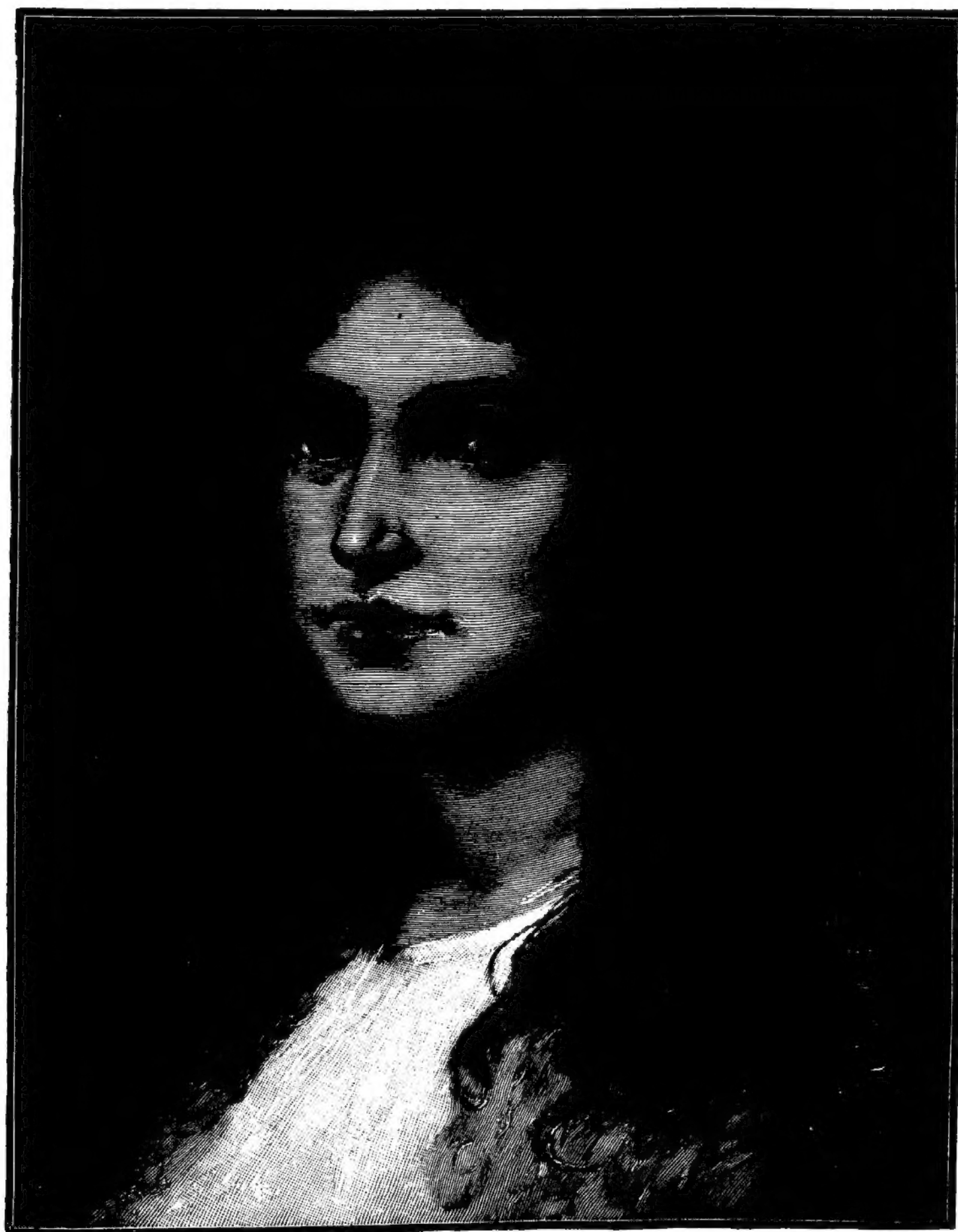
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A VENETIAN BEAUTY.

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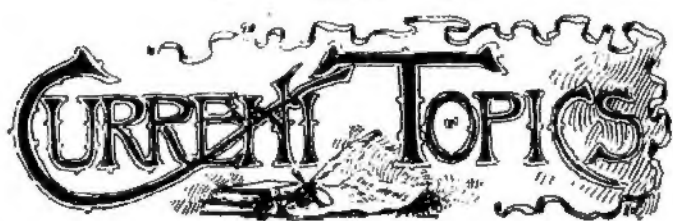
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15th JUNE, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We regret that press of matter obliges us to hold over the due instalment of Mrs. Arthur Spragge's interesting illustrated sketches of British Columbia till next number. We hope, however, to be able from that date to give them consecutively from week to week. Those that are to come will, we believe, be even more instructive and entertaining than what we have already published, as records of personal experiences and pictures of scenery and life in our Pacific Province.



In the last published Report of the Council of Arts and Manufactures of the Province of Quebec, the President, Mr. S. E. Dawson, deploras the apathy of the educated public as to the efforts of that body to promote industrial training. "I must confess," writes Mr. Dawson, "to a feeling of wonder at the slight notice the work of the Council has received from the press and public of Montreal. Every now and then I see a letter in some daily paper portentously announcing as new discoveries principles upon which this Council has been working for years. I have seen communications supported by editors, otherwise well informed, advocating the introduction of technical training, while for years back these gentlemen might, by turning aside a few blocks from their daily business round, have seen in the Montreal school 570 pupils working at such practical work as you have before you every week-night during the winter. We have in our schools throughout the province 1,346 pupils during the year just closed."

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men," says a modern poet. But these great men must be extremely modest. Modesty is, doubtless, an element in their greatness. Nevertheless, if, in order to benefit by their services, it is essential that their fellow-men should know something about them, it is their duty to emerge from obscurity. We are afraid that the Council of Arts and Manufactures has erred through excessive reticence as to its own proceedings. Its public-spirited members are far too prone to hide their light under a bushel. Being business men, they know full well how hard it is to gain the ear of the multitude, even of the *élite* and enlightened portion of it. It is on that very dulness of hearing that the not unprofitable trade of advertising has based its claims to recognition. The body politic is made up of thousands of self-centred individualities, to gain whose attention fruitfully demands appeal after appeal, reminder after reminder. How many of them is this wholesome and deserved rebuke, enshrined in its proper blue-book, likely to reach? We, who have the exceptional happiness

of discovering it, at once take it to heart as precious treasure-trove, and, as loyal citizens, forthwith pass it round for the good of others. The whole Report is admirable, but *cui bono*? In England the very same discouraging experience has been the lot of like workers in the cause of practical education. At last they refused to be ignored any longer. They compelled the great manufacturers and business-men to contemplate their work and say what they thought of it. They kept advertising themselves until a National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education had been formed, and they collected the opinions of practical men all over the country on the value of technical training. The public is the same everywhere. It has to be roused.

The French-Canadians of the United States are eagerly preparing for their national conventions, which have now become recognized features in their social life. The tenth annual convention of the French-Canadians of the State of New York is to take place in the commercial metropolis of the Empire State on the 1st of July next. The circular issued to the delegates sets forth the advantages that result from these gatherings and submits a number of questions as suitable for discussion. Naturally, after the recent heated controversy in New England, the subject of the parochial schools and the means of rendering them more efficient is assigned a prominent place. The methods by which French-Canadian interests in the Republic may be best protected will also elicit remark. Then comes the question of repatriation. Is it advisable? Or, if not, what action should be taken in view of a possible annexation movement? On this last point our compatriots across the border are divided. Of those who have cast in their lot for better or for worse with Uncle Sam and have sworn allegiance to the Stars and Stripes some would like to see their kinsmen doing likewise, while others hesitate to give such counsel. The still unnaturalized element would prefer Canada to remain apart from the States. Even though they cherish no hope of returning to their old home for permanent residence, they like to think of it as a sort of pilgrim's shrine, to which they turn longing eyes when weary of the bustle and conflict around them. This enduring patriotism differentiates the French-Canadians from all other settlers in the United States.

It is certainly more comfortable for all concerned when those who live in a country and earn a livelihood in it are also, in the fullest sense, its citizens, in enjoyment of the rights and amenable to the duties which citizenship implies. An instance of the awkwardness that may arise when mere residents undertake to discharge citizens' functions was furnished by an incident that took place not long since in Toronto. At a meeting of the Separate School Board the question came up whether any one who was not a British subject should act as a trustee. A member of the Board at once declared that he was an unnaturalized foreigner, and seemed to think that the fact made no difference in his position. It turned out, however, that he was mistaken, the Separate School Act requiring, or taking it for granted, that all such officials should be born or sworn subjects of the Crown. The possible retrospective effect of acts to which such illegal officers may have been parties is among the untoward consequences of carelessness in such appointments. Hereafter Toronto school boards will probably avoid incurring such risks.

The *Monetary Times* calls attention to the increase which recent years have brought about in the export Canadian trade. Home-made pianos have, it appears, been exported not only to the States but to Great Britain, and even to Australia. The exports of iron and steel manufactures during the last fiscal year amounted to a quarter of a million dollars. Of agricultural implements the exports were considerable, Great Britain receiving \$59,099's worth; Australia, \$39,559's worth; the Argentine Republic, \$31,865's worth. Goods of this class were also exported to Germany, to France, to Russia, Belgium and other European countries; to South Africa, and to the Sandwich Islands. The trade in musical instruments other than those above mentioned has grown very perceptibly during the last few years, the returns for the last two years showing 6,465 instruments of all kinds, valued at \$477,000, nearly double the export of the two previous years. In sewing machines there has also been a welcome advance, goods of this kind, valued at \$50,000, having been sent last year to Great Britain, Brazil, British Africa, Mexico and elsewhere. Other branches of Canadian manufacture, in the export of which there has been an increase of late, are books, pamphlets and maps (of which the yearly export is \$84,000, \$71,786 representing home production), cotton waste, scrap iron and Canadian whiskey—the increasing quantities of which sent abroad will, the *Times* thinks, be a cause of sorrow to some good people. Part, at least, of this showing is satisfactory. But there are fields of enterprise as yet unworked which, if turned to account, would add greatly to this trade. If we would obtain the full advantage of our manufacturing progress, we must make the country, its resources and industries better known abroad, and that end can be attained in no better way than that to which we called attention in a recent issue.

It is some satisfaction to know that the latest estimate from Johnstown, while it still leaves the result terribly serious, greatly reduces the fatality of the Conemaugh disaster. From five to seven thousand is now stated as the probable loss of life. A few days ago it was thought to go as high as twelve to fifteen thousand. Doubtless the extreme figure of the lower estimate will yet be considerably cut down and the first statement of the destruction of life, from four to seven or eight thousand, be justified. This was the claim of the Associated Press correspondent the day after the calamity. But, notwithstanding the reduction, the catastrophe is one of the most heartrending, both in sweeping destruction of human life and in the pitifulness of the melancholy details, that the public on this continent has ever been asked to contemplate.

COLONIZATION.

The last Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for this province contains some interesting particulars regarding the settlement of newly opened districts. Attention is directed more especially to the valleys of the Ottawa and St. Maurice and to the Temiscamingue region. Taken together, these three districts embrace the vast stretch of country that lies between the Saguenay and the Ottawa, between the settled portions of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence counties and the Height of Land. For many years the work of colonization in this new northland was carried on in the face of very real obstacles—the chief of which was the lack of means of inter-communication. The railway move-

ment has wrought a surprising change for the better, and no money economically expended for that purpose can be regarded as spent fruitlessly. The story of the Lake St. John Railway, which covers a number of years, has made the public aware of some of the difficulties with which the pioneers to whom it is so welcome had so long to struggle. We have already placed before our readers, both in illustration and letterpress, some of the features of the fertile territory around that fine body of water, the advantages of which a thriving population has for years been engaged in developing. The Commissioner points out that on the eastern side of the lake there is a considerable quantity of level land of excellent quality, and recommends further efforts for its occupation by settlers of the right stamp. So far those who migrated northwards have been the very pick of our farming population, and their success bears evidence to the moral characteristics which they brought to their chosen task. The Lake St. John country is the special reserve of the city of Quebec—which deserves credit for having contributed to the railway—as the St. Maurice Valley pertains to Three Rivers. The Three Rivers railway will give a needed impetus to colonization in this back country, the colonists of which will one day be in communication with the settlements on the Rouge and Temiscamingue.

Whoever would know what are the extent and character of this our great provincial reserve should study it on a good map, such as that of the Crown Lands Department, issued some years ago. We are glad to learn that the Government has in hand the preparation of another and still larger one, which will have the benefit of the additional information of the last ten years. Those who have not either personally visited it or read or heard the accounts of persons who have had such experience hardly realize the importance of this region, which, though almost at our doors, has, till lately, been virtually a *terra incognita* to the bulk of our people. A glance at the map will, however, show what proportion it bears to the inhabited part of the province. To the northeast of it, again, lies that portion of Labrador which is under Quebec's jurisdiction and to which reference was made in a recent number of this journal. The Temiscamingue colony has been the theme of some valuable monographs, such as "Le Nord," by Mr. Recorder De Montigny, and it has also attracted the attention of strangers like Mr. Rameau and others, deeply interested in our progress. It is said that from forty to fifty parishes can be established within its limits, in a tract of wondrous fertility, and easily made accessible by rail or steamer. The Ottawa country includes the valleys of the Ottawa proper, the Rouge, the Lievre and the Gatineau, and is a vast field for colonization for the Montreal and Ottawa districts. Mr. B. Sulte has written some pleasant and instructive essays on the course of early settlement along the great river, and Mr. Arthur Buies has just embodied the results of a special tour made last summer in a volume which will take rank with his previous work, "Le Saguenay."

Besides these three, or rather four, immense tracts north of the St. Lawrence, the Report directs attention to the Gaspé peninsula—the resources of which were illustrated a couple of years ago by Mr. Langelier,—the valley of the Metapedia, the valley of the Chaudière, and, last not least, the Eastern Townships. It will be seen by the mere mention of these several regions that the Province

of Quebec has still abundance of good land for all its sons. While it is of importance that all our great Northwest should be peopled with as little delay as possible, it is also well to know that for those who prefer to remain in the older portion of Canada, there is enough and to spare of land well fitted for colonization.

A HINT FROM OVER-SEA.

In the last number of *Night and Day*, Dr. Barnardo's periodical, we have an interesting sketch of a certain Horace, who, having been taken off the streets of the metropolis and placed under civilizing influences, was finally entered on the "Canada list," at his own request. He was accepted, and in due time formed one of the summer party of youthful adventurers that came to Canada in 1886. He found a good situation with a farmer, with whom he ingratiated himself, and, being steady and industrious, made his way to a position. His conduct was so good as to merit the bronze medal the doctor gives to deserving boys. His letters to his old benefactor show his gratitude, his eagerness to succeed, his satisfaction at the change in his destiny due to his timely rescue. We have a picture of him, first as he appeared on the streets, ragged and forlorn; then another picture of him holding a horse on the Manitoba farm where he is employed. "Thus," writes the narrator, "to Horace, as to hundreds more, have our Homes been enabled, under God, to hold open the door to a golden future of respectability and usefulness."

Now, while rejoicing that such good work is being accomplished with these waifs and strays of the old country, and without the least desire to see the number of such triumphs decrease, it seems to us that Canadian philanthropists, who have for years been reading these glowing accounts of the prosperity of English boys, saved from poverty and, perhaps, crime, by timely help, might profitably take the hint and apply it to the advantage of our own waifs and strays. There is room in our vast domain for thousands of boys. Why should not the deserted offspring of ne'er-do-weel fathers and mothers, or poor orphans, who have been left homeless on our streets, be taken up and provided for just in the way that Dr. Barnardo has found so fruitful in the case of English boys?

Our Government has established experimental farms, and we are happy to learn that they are admirably fulfilling the purpose for which they were founded. But why not set apart farms in some of our spare areas in the great Northwest where Canadian boys might learn agriculture and be taught the art of honest self-support? Is it too much to expect that our own neglected children should be allowed such chances of becoming reputable and useful members of society as Dr. Barnardo describes and commends in *Night and Day*? Every year adds to the number of the boys and girls that wander homeless and aimless through the streets of our cities, serving an apprenticeship in crime and destined, many of them, to find their way to our prisons and penitentiaries. Would it not be cheaper, in the end, to organize some system of effective rescue and industrial training, which would transform the hapless victims of parental or social misdoing into respectable and law-abiding citizens? If Canada is so well adapted to the discharge of that service for the waifs and strays of England, it is certainly the duty of our authorities to dispense some of its advantages in that respect to the sons and daughters of the soil.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

During the last few years there has been a remarkable display of literary activity in our Maritime Provinces. In proportion to the number of the population, more good writing has been published from there recently than in Ontario. Of the Canadian work that appears in the great American magazines, much the greater part is written by our eastern friends, Charles G. D. Roberts, Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts, Bliss Carman and W. W. Campbell. Professor Alexander's recent book on Browning is meeting with general praise, and now Mr. F. Blake Crofton comes before the public with a thoughtful and comprehensive essay on "Haliburton; the Man and the Writer."

This book is the initial number of a series on Canadian writers about to be published by the Haliburton Club of King's College, Windsor, N.S., of which Professor Roberts is the president. It is fitting that the first book published by the club should treat of Haliburton, who was not only the most distinguished son of King's College, but was, in his time, by far the most important figure in Canadian letters.

Mr. Crofton has done his work well. It was no slight task to draw a just picture of a man of such original and versatile character without praising mere trivialities on the one hand, or condemning harmless personal peculiarities on the other. Our critic has fully recognized the individuality of his author, and with an equal hand has pointed out his excellencies and his weaknesses.

If this book turns the attention of Canadians to Haliburton's writings, it will serve a commendable purpose. But few of our people know of Haliburton at all, and of these the greater number think of him in no higher sense than as a rather rough humorist of the Orpheus C. Kerr order. Careful readers, know him to be a practical philosopher, a far-sighted patriot, and a keen observer and critic of human nature and action. He had the courage to oppose many of the popular opinions of his day and the ability to maintain his position by convincing arguments.

Mr. Crofton describes Haliburton as "an epicurean philosopher, modified a little, for the better by Christianity, and for the worse by practical politics." The author speaks of himself as being "in religion a churchman and in politics a Conservative, as is almost every gentleman in these colonies." This statement and his declarations against responsible government in the colonies show the limitations of the man. But the broadness of his view in another direction, and the strong bearing of his opinions on present politics are shown in his forcible pleas for Imperial federation. The following passages from "The Attaché" and "Wise Saws" are worthy of remark:

"The very word dependencies shows the state of the colonies. If they are retained they should be incorporated with Great Britain. Now that steam has united the two continents of Europe and America in such a manner that you can travel from Nova Scotia to England in as short a time as it once required to go from Dublin to London, I should hope for a united legislature. Recollect that the distance from New Orleans to the head of the Mississippi is greater than from Halifax to Liverpool. It shouldn't be England and her colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole—all counties of Great Britain. There should be no taxes on colonial produce, and the colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England; the whole of it one vast home market, from Hong-Kong to Liverpool."

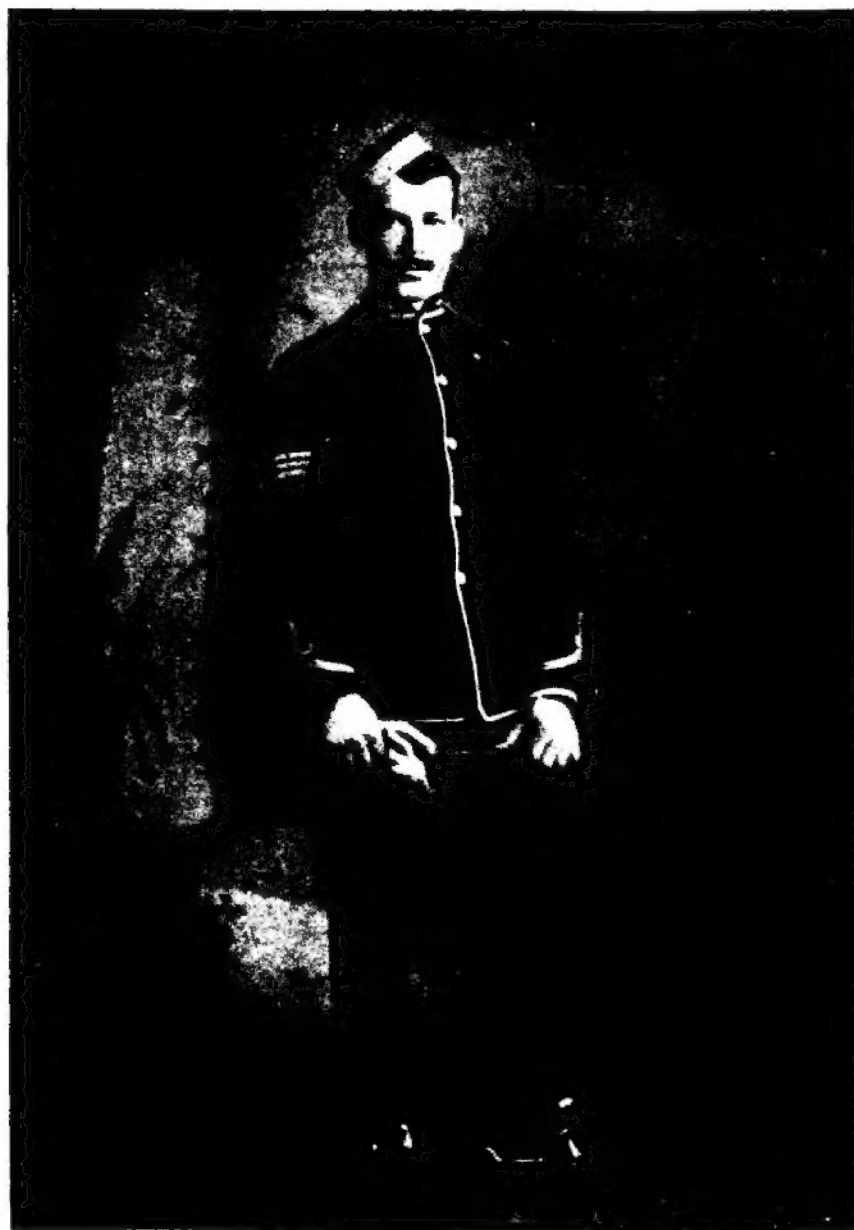
Though frequently indifferent and even positively careless as to literary form and style, Haliburton showed himself capable of the best work. In the high realms of literature may be ranked many descriptive and narrative passages from his books. It is sufficient to mention the description of the Duke of Kent's ruined lodge and "The Day on the Lake."

Though so little known here, the extent of Haliburton's reputation abroad may be judged from the fact that three of his works have been recently republished by one London house (Routledge & Son) and six by another (Hurst & Blackett). Some new editions have also been issued in the United States. This is one kind of evidence that these books are worthy of wider reading among Canadians.

A. STEVENSON.



LT.-COL. LORD AYLMER,
OF THE 54th RICHMOND BATTALION, CANADIAN MILITIA.
From a photo. by Presby & Blanchard, Sherbrooke, P.Q.



THE LATE STAFF SERGEANT G. WALICK, B. BATTERY,
KILLED AT THE ST. SAUVEUR FIRE, QUEBEC.
From a photo. by Jones, Quebec.



PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 54th. AT RICHMOND, P.Q., ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.



THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN MONTREAL.

1. General View on Fletcher's Field.
2. The Governor-General's Foot-Guards (of Ottawa) marching up Park Avenue.
3. The Montreal Troop of Cavalry.



A VENETIAN BEAUTY.—There are doubtless, many types of beauty, even of Italian beauty. As to the significance of the term beauty itself, indeed, there is still a variety of opinions, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject. While some will find beauty in almost every human face, there are some so fastidious that they deny it to the vast bulk of mankind. Nevertheless, there is something which trained and untrained in aesthetic judgment recognize as beauty and of this beauty there are many types. Here we have one of them—a type of female loveliness. The form of face, the features, especially the eyes, the rich wealth of hair, and the hints of a comely figure constitute a well endowed physique. The expression may be interpreted variously, though the artist has refrained from giving any intensity to it. Perhaps that is its charm. It is one of those portraits about which a great deal may be said and yet the critic who says least will err least. It is, however, a picture to find pleasure in, and we hope (for this is the chief point just now) that it will add to the satisfaction of our readers.

LIEUT. COL. LORD AYLME.—Lieut.-Col. the Right Hon. Udolphus Lord Aylmer is the representative of an old and illustrious line. By sea and by land the Aylmers have held their own when

“Grim-visaged war”

loomed up, as the medals and decorations now in the hands of the present baron will testify. The title of Aylmer in the peerage of Ireland dates back to 1718, but the family also claims title to the ancient but dormant earldom of Cornwall. His Lordship is also a baronet. The baronetcy of Aylmer dates back to 1621. The Aylmer family settled in this country when their relative, Lord Aylmer, was Governor-General of Canada. Lord Aylmer is lieutenant-colonel of the 54th Richmond Battalion, having held command of the regiment since its organization in 1868. His eldest son, and heir to the title, is Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Matthew Aylmer (late 7th Royal Fusiliers), at present Brigade Major of No. 1 Military District. His second son, Major the Hon. Henry Aylmer (late R.M. Artillery), commands the Richmond Field Battery.

STAFF-SERGEANT WALICK.—The sad story of the heroic death of Major Short at the St. Sauveur fire, Quebec, and of that of Staff-Sergeant Walick at the Marine Hospital, from injuries received on that occasion, has already been told in our issue of June 1. In the present number we give Sergeant Walick's portrait. The deceased soldier was a native of Guelph, Ont. Having enlisted in B Battery of the Regiment of Canadian Artillery, he served with his corps in the Northwest rebellion of 1885, having then the rank of bombardier. By his bravery in the field and his general good conduct, he rose successively to the position of corporal, sergeant and staff-sergeant, and was also appointed riding master to B Battery. His soldierly qualities and genial disposition procured him the respect of his officers, the goodwill of his comrades and gained him many friends, as well civilian as military. His early and melancholy death was deplored by the whole community of Quebec, where he was well known and highly esteemed, and aroused mingled admiration and sorrow through the entire Dominion.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE 54TH RICHMOND BATTALION.—The Queen's Birthday was quite a gala time for Richmond, the chief attraction being the presentation of colours to the 54th Battalion by the ladies of Richmond and Drummond counties. The Richmond Field Battery, under the Hon. Major Aylmer, and the 53rd Sherbrooke Battalion turned out to do honour to the occasion. The 53rd, under Col. Felton, were received at the G.T.R. Station by the 54th with a salute, when all marched gaily through the town to the Agricultural Society's grounds, close to Richmond College. The troops having been drawn up in a square, the ceremony of presenting the colours commenced shortly before noon. Prayer having been offered up and the colours consecrated by the Rev. Mr. Hepburn, Mrs. H. Jephson Gawne (with whom were Mrs. Brown, the Hon. Mrs. Aylmer, Mrs. Blackwell and the Hon. Miss Aylmer), proceeded to read the address. This amiable and accomplished lady was eminently well suited to the task, as her well-chosen and spirited words testified; and, as her father, husband and many other relatives, have served and are serving the Queen all over the world, the colours could not have been delivered over by more fitting hands. After they had been received by the colour party, Lieut.-Col. Lord Aylmer returned thanks on behalf of myself, officers and men of the 54th in feeling terms, speaking of his long connection with the battalion. As his Lordship spoke of a long line of noble ancestors who had served Queen and country, *per mare, per terram*, and whose arms were emblazoned on the colours, he said he felt satisfied that in accepting them in the name of the 54th, the battalion would never in any way do discredit to them. As if in response, the silk, which had hung idly on the staff, now fluttered gaily out in the breeze, displaying the “Cornish choughs” of the Aylmers, with their motto, “Steady.” At noon a *feu de joie* was fired by the Richmond Field Battery, the 53rd and the 54th; and, after a march past, the officers and men were all entertained at dinner, the good things being provided by the Ladies' Guild of St. Ann's Church. In the evening sports were held on the college grounds, the

“events” being well contested. The military Tug-of-War created most excitement, eight teams competing. After some hard pulling No. 6 Company 54th Battalion (Captain Blackwell) came out victorious. A very successful concert in the Town Hall finished up the day. The colours of the 54th Richmond Battalion, which were supplied through Messrs. John Martin and Company, of St. Paul street, are extremely rich and handsome. The regimental colours bears the arms of the Aylmer family: “A shield *argent*, bearing a cross *sable*, with the number of the battalion (54) in the centre, between four Cornish choughs *proper*; surmounted by a ducal coronet, *or*, and chough rising *proper*. Motto: “Steady.” The whole surmounted by a wreath of maple leaves, with beaver.

THE REVIEWING STAFF ON FLETCHER'S FIELD.—Unfortunately the Queen's Birthday did not bring Queen's weather, and consequently our artist was at a disadvantage, most of the photographs being taken under unfavorable circumstances, some of them, while it was actually raining. He persevered, however, and our readers have views of the principal features of the review. The figures on this engraving will be easily recognized. Shortly after 11 o'clock on the morning of the 24th ult. Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, and Lieut.-General Middleton rode on the field, attended by Captain Wise, A.D.C., and in an open carriage were Lady Caron and Lady Middleton. They were received on arriving at the grounds by a brilliant staff, including Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.A.G., 5th Military District; Lieut.-Col. Mattice, brigade major; Major Roy, brigade major; Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, director of stores, Ottawa; Lieut.-Col. Hughes, Major Atkinson and Capt. Clapham. Amongst those on the grounds was Captain Douglas, R.N.R. Immediately on arriving on the grounds the various corps handed their parade state to the brigade majors, and the various corps were found to be as follows:

Staff	Officers	Men	Horses
Cavalry	2	29	31
Montreal Field Battery	6	58	38
Montreal Garrison Artillery	17	242	5
Montreal Engineers	2	70	..
B. Co. I.S.C., St. John	4	75	..
Governor-General's Foot Guards	21	285	5
Prince of Wales' Rifles	20	190	3
Queen's Own Rifles	25	445	5
Victoria Rifles	22	259	5
Royal Scots	21	279	5
Sixth Fusiliers	16	256	4
Mount Royal Rifles	25	318	5
Total	203	2,473	118

The following are the names of the officers commanding the various corps: Troop of Cavalry, Captain McArthur; Field Battery, Captain John S. Hall; Garrison Artillery, Lieut.-Col. Turnbull; Engineers, Lieut.-Col. Kennedy; I. S. C., St. Johns, P.Q., Lieut.-Col. D'Orsonnens; Governor-General's Foot Guards, Lieut.-Col. Tilton; Prince of Wales Rifles, Lieut.-Col. Butler; Queen's Own Rifles, Major Delamere; Victoria Rifles, Major Radiger; Fifth Royal Scots, Major H. H. Lyman; Sixth Fusiliers, Lieut.-Col. Massey; Sixty-fifth Mount Royal Rifles, Lieut.-Col. Dugas; St. Mary's College Corps, Captain Pierre Trudel. The Montreal Regiment of Cavalry was organized on the 14th of November, 1879, and placed in command of Col. James Barr, who had seen service during the Fenian raid. Captain Colin McArthur, who had command on the Queen's Birthday, has a cavalry certificate and was gazetted May 16th, 1879. The Field Battery, which was in command of Capt. John S. Hall, M.P.P., was organized as long ago as November, 1855. Some of its officers (as the veteran Surgeon-Major Fenwick) took part in the Fenian raid. The Montreal Garrison Artillery was organized in November, 1856. Lieut.-Col. Turnbull, who commanded, has a Royal School of Artillery certificate of the first class, and took part in the repulsion of the Fenians. The Corps of Engineers was organized in December, 1861, and Lieut.-Col. Kennedy, who commanded, has been in the service since October, 1863. The Governor-General's Foot Guards date from June 7, 1872, and is a fine body of men, containing a large number of veterans, one of whom, Major H. A. Wicksteed, took part in the repression of the rebellion of 1837-38. The Foot Guards distinguished themselves in the Northwest rising of 1885. The Prince of Wales Rifles began their organized existence in November, 1859, and have done valiant service during the Fenian raids. The Queen's Own is one of our most famous regiments. It was among the volunteer corps selected to repel the Fenians from the Niagara frontier in 1866, on which occasion several of its members gave their lives for their country. The monument to those who fell at Ridgeway is one of the attractions at Toronto, to the public spirit of whose citizens it does credit. The Queen's Own also served in the Northwest in 1885, where and when the regiment maintained its old reputation. The badge and device of the battalion is a maple leaf (in silver for officers and bronze for non-commissioned officers and men), on which is a scroll, clasped with a buckle and bearing the legend, “In pace paratus,” encircling the figure and surmounted by the Imperial crown. The Fifth Royal Scots Fusiliers dates from the year 1872 and is a fine battalion. The 3rd Battalion, Victoria Rifles of Canada, organized in January, 1862, has the privilege of wearing “Eccles Hill” on its flag. Many of its veterans hold important positions in Montreal. The 6th Battalion, “Fusiliers,” organized in January, 1862, has its share of veterans, such as Dr. James Bell, who did duty in the Northwest in the last Half-breed rising. Its motto is “Vestigia nulla retrorsum.” The 65th Mount Royal Rifles has a somewhat similar motto: “Nunquam retrorsum.” Its membership comprises a larger number of veterans than perhaps any

other corps in the service. In the Northwest it was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Ouimet, M.P. and Speaker of the House of Commons, and in his absence by Lieut.-Colonel Hughes, now Chief of Police in this city. B Company, Infantry School Corps, St. Johns, Que., whose bearing, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Count d'Orsonnens, was universally admired, is one of the permanent corps of Canada's militia.

THE MARCH-PAST AT THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY REVIEW.—After the usual three cheers for the Queen, which were given right loyally, the division marched past in column. The Cavalry, formed into two troops, led the way. Next came the Montreal Field Battery, which looked magnificent. Then the Garrison Artillery, all tall, broad-shouldered fellows, who appeared to advantage in their blue uniform and white helmets. Next to them came the Engineers, who, though small in numbers, looked well in their handsome uniform. Next came the Infantry School Corps, B company. Their marching was simply perfection, and their distances well kept. The Governor-General's Foot Guards followed the regulars. The Royal Scots looked well in their kilts and white helmets. The second brigade then came along, headed by the Sixth Fusiliers, the Prince of Wales and the Victoria Rifles following. The 65th Mount Royal Rifles came along at a swinging pace. The men looked well and gave evidence of careful drilling. Then came the Queen's Own Rifles, which, outside of the regulars, was undoubtedly the finest corps on the grounds. They were on their mettle, and to all appearances determined to make the best show possible. The St. Mary's College cadets were roundly cheered as they marched past. The first company was composed of very young boys. The senior company marched past with the regularity of veterans and was well deserving of the liberal praise it received. The division then marched past in quarter column, after which the brigades formed up and marched forward in review order, with colours flying and bands playing, the officers in front. The general salute was given, and the bands played the national anthem, the crowd uncovering as they did so. The Minister of Militia, the Lieutenant-General and his staff fell in with the Cavalry and the division then marched off the field, and thus ended the best review that has ever taken place in Montreal, not only for the number of men taking part, but also for the excellence of the drill.

THE QUEEN'S OWN ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.—St. Helen's Island had a romantic history before it came under the British Crown. It was associated with the capitulation of Montreal and it has never lost the military character which it owed, in the first place, to its sentinel position. To many a British officer (as Major Duncan so pathetically tell us in “Our Garrisons in the West”) it has been a veritable St. Helena—an island of exile, exile all the more torturing from its nearness to the social life of a great city. Even in recent years, under a purely civic dispensation, St. Helen's—the name does honour, *more Catholico*, to the fair wife of Canada's founder—has preserved its martial flavour, being a favorite spot for camping out. That indeed is not its only claim on our regard. Nature has befriended it and it has many features of interest to the antiquarian, the botanist, the geologist, the lovers of aquatics, the lovers of rest and summer calm. These characteristics tend to set off the gay display of uniforms and the bustle of soldierly exercises, and whosoever would enjoy our engravings must think of all these things—the beauty of the place, its associations, its position, its close connection during three centuries and a half—not to go farther back—with the life and growth of Montreal, of which it is now the Island Park. Let our readers also bear in mind that the Queen's Own is one of our crack regiments, that young heroes have given it a proud place on the pages of our history—writing the record with their blood, freely shed to save their land from alien intrusion. We can imagine we hear that voice which the Laureate has immortalized, singing that “air that is known to me”—known to all ages and climes, for patriotism is one of the oldest of virtues:

“A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife,
To the death for their native land.”

THE 8TH ROYAL RIFLES ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.—Our readers have here a picture of one of our finest volunteer corps on one of the happiest occasions in its military career. The scene, save for the surroundings, resembles some of those which we have fully described in connection with the Queen's Birthday review in Montreal.

Lord Wolsey, who has many friends in Canada, has been plying his pen in these piping times of peace as vigorously as he once wielded his sword. Every one has read his article, “Is a Soldier's Life worth Living?” in the *Fortnightly*. He does not escape criticism. He was sharply rebuked by a portion of the press for bringing party politics into his lecture on “The Military Strength of England.”

Lord Tennyson has prefixed the following lines to the life of the late Dr. W. G. Ward by his son, which Messrs. Macmillan have just brought out:—

Farewell, whose living like I shall not find
—Whose faith and work were bell of full accord—
My friend, thou most unworshipful of mankind,
Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward!
How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind!
How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

LITERARY NOTES

The Rev. J. H. Ratcliffe gave an instructive lecture last week before the Literary Society of St. Catharines, Ont., in connection with the Collegiate Institution of that place.

Mr. Arthur Buies has just published a new work entitled "L'Outaouais Supérieur," which is full of valuable information, and is marked by the author's well known merits of style.

A new edition has been brought out of "Parliamentary Government in England," by the late Dr. A. Todd, C.M.G. It has been edited and revised by his son, Mr. A. H. Todd, of Ottawa.

Mr. W. Blackburne Harte, from whose paper in the *Constitution* we obtained the striking pen portrait of Sir John Macdonald which appeared in our issue of the 8th inst., has an article on "The drift towards annexation" in the June *Forum*.

A pathetic interest attaches to the latest volume issued by Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," etc. It is entitled "In My Lady's Praise," and is described as "Poems Old and New, Written to the Honour of Fannie, Lady Arnold, and now Collected for her Memory."

The publishing firm of Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane, London, is still busy sending forth its cheap and tasteful editions of treasures, new and old. Among the latest issues are Prof. William Sharp's "American Sonnets" and Mr. W. D. Lighthall's "Songs and Poems of the Great Dominion."

An English publishing firm has recently received a letter the writer of which offered to sell an "autograph communication" from a person of eminence for the sum of two guineas. The offer was not accepted, the firm questioning their correspondent's right to dispose in that way of what had been sent to him in kindly confidence. And the firm was right.

At the last session of the Association Perpétuelle des Palmiers, a medal of honour was awarded to M. l'Abbé Laflamme, professor at Laval University, Quebec; a prize to M. Faucher de St. Maurice and another to Mr. Joseph Marmette. Silver medals were also decreed to M. le Curé A. Gingras, of Ste. Claire, to M. le Chevalier Baillargé, and to Dr. N. E. Dionne.

Montreal, says C. H. Farnham, in *Harper's Monthly*, is said to be the chief book centre of Canada, but the city does not possess a public general library, excepting the Frazer Institute, just struggling into existence; the libraries of individual institutions do not cover well any other topics than theology and civil law, and the six chief libraries together, of both languages, contain only about 100,000 volumes.

AUSTRALIA.

PROGRESS, PEOPLE AND POLITICS.

IX.

It has been my object, in those somewhat rambling articles about our fellow-subjects in the land of flowers and ferns, as Australia might well be styled, to give brief sketches of the most salient points in their political and material progress. And in summing up, it appears to me that the people are an impulsive, warm-hearted and energetic race, uniting, apparently, many of the stirring qualities of the land they sprang from, with those incidental to the warmer climes in which they live, the attributes of the Saxon and the Celt, of the Englishman and the Yankee, combined in one. Thoroughly loyal to British institutions and British connection, yet headstrong in their political passions, and easily thrown into a fever heat of indignation over what we should probably consider a trifle, the future of the country presents some cause for anxiety, more especially if any event should cause a sundering of the ties which now unite the colonies to Great Britain.

Even now the jealousies between the colonies often give rise to grave apprehensions and work much injury and inconvenience to themselves. If the all-powerful arm of Britain were removed, the result might be troubles which can now be regarded as utterly impossible. There can, however, be little doubt that events are gradually drawing the various colonies together, and that the time is not far distant when the last internal custom house will be removed; when railways and telegraphs and a central legislature will draw the people closer together, and raise upon a sure foundation of internal unity a nation second to none upon the face of the globe, and one able to take its place in that galaxy

of auxiliary kingdoms to which all true British subjects look as the one solution of the questions which now confront the countries of our Empire and the nations of the world.

Unlike the United States, Australia has no varying nationalities to assimilate, and, unlike the mother country, she has no section of her people educated into an unreasonable and unreasoning hostility to her institutions.

Of the material welfare and progress of the continent in the future there need be no fear whatever. When we look back at the beginning of the Queen's reign, in 1837, and find a population of 143,000, land under cultivation amounting to 181,000 acres, and sheep numbering 3,500,000, and see that Australia now has a population of 3,500,000, land under cultivation of over 8,000,000 acres, and possesses 74,000,000 sheep; when we find that at the former date exports were valued at \$6,500,000 and are now worth \$270,000,000; that imports amounted to \$10,000,000 and are now worth \$320,000,000; when, at the former period, we see the revenue amounting to \$2,145,000 and now footing up to \$115,000,000, and the shipping tonnage of 283,000 grown to 15,000,000, we must, indeed, realize the enormous strides the Australians have taken in every branch of material progress. Even of late years the wealth of the country seems to have continued growing in the same proportion, the deposits in the banks having increased from \$320,000,000, in 1881, to \$400,000,000 in 1884. Queensland, a couple of years ago, experienced a great mining boom. Gold and silver, diamonds and tin were all suddenly discovered, and induced a considerable increase in the investment of British capital, which has for many years past been pouring into these colonies like water.

At the same time a rise in the value of copper and tin produced a period of great prosperity in New South Wales, while sales have recently been made of city property in Melbourne, Victoria, at ten and fifteen thousand dollars a foot. What then is to be the future of this great continent? I venture to hope and believe that it will be found in the words: "a united empire," and that it will be the greatest future that could be conceived possible, even for so vast a territory and so prosperous a people.

Great Britain and Australasia, Canada and the Cape, East Indies and West Indies are all alike, bound together by a triple tie and a common interest. The ties are found in a world-wide commerce, in mutual trade, and a common sovereign. The one great and supreme interest of all alike is a safe and sure trade, and to obtain that the different parts of the Empire must organize some form or system of closer union, in order that the efficiency and strength of the Imperial naval forces may be increased, so that they may be able to perform not only the multifarious duties of protecting the commerce of the Empire, but of preventing the possibility of attack from hostile nations.

When that is done, the British Empire will be, indeed, an oceanic commonwealth, unassailable except by sea (with the two exceptions of the frontier of Afghanistan and of Canada), and with such a force upon the oceans of the world as to render a consummation so disastrous as war practically impossible.

The trend of the present age is undeniably in the direction of closer trade relations between kindred peoples, and every effort is now being made to encourage trade between the various parts of the Empire. A conference is being arranged between the different self-governing colonies to consider the question of establishing a system of preferential duties, and we may, with considerable hope, look forward to the day when Britain will find her best market in the great and growing colonies, and they in turn will be able to utilize and supply the great demands of the mother country by means of a similar system.

Then, as a result of gradual development, as a natural consequence of successive conferences held in London to consider burning questions, without friction and without injury to any of the interests concerned, we may expect to see in the years that are at hand, the creation of a Council of the Empire, which shall have control of the main principles

which underlie the administration of the exterior affairs of a vast Empire.

When that time comes we shall see the Canadian and Australian nations of the future joining hands across the oceans with the great Mother of Nations, and forming a league of power, of peace and of prosperity unequalled in the annals of the past.

In conclusion, Australia is a land of summer beauty and tropical luxuriance; a land teeming with natural resources and hidden wealth; a land of flowers and fruit; of minerals and grain; of cattle and sheep innumerable; inhabited by millions of prosperous, enterprising, patriotic and intelligent people, with a future as great as its past has been progressive, and as glorious as the flag which waves over its destinies.

Proud Queen of the Isles! Thou sittest, vast, alone,
A host of vassals bending round thy throne;
Like some fair swan that skims the silver tide,
Her silken cygnets strew'd on every side,
So floatest thou, thy Polynesian brood
Dispers'd around thee on thy ocean flood,
While every surge that doth thy bosom lave
Salutes the "Empress of the Southern Wave."

Toronto.

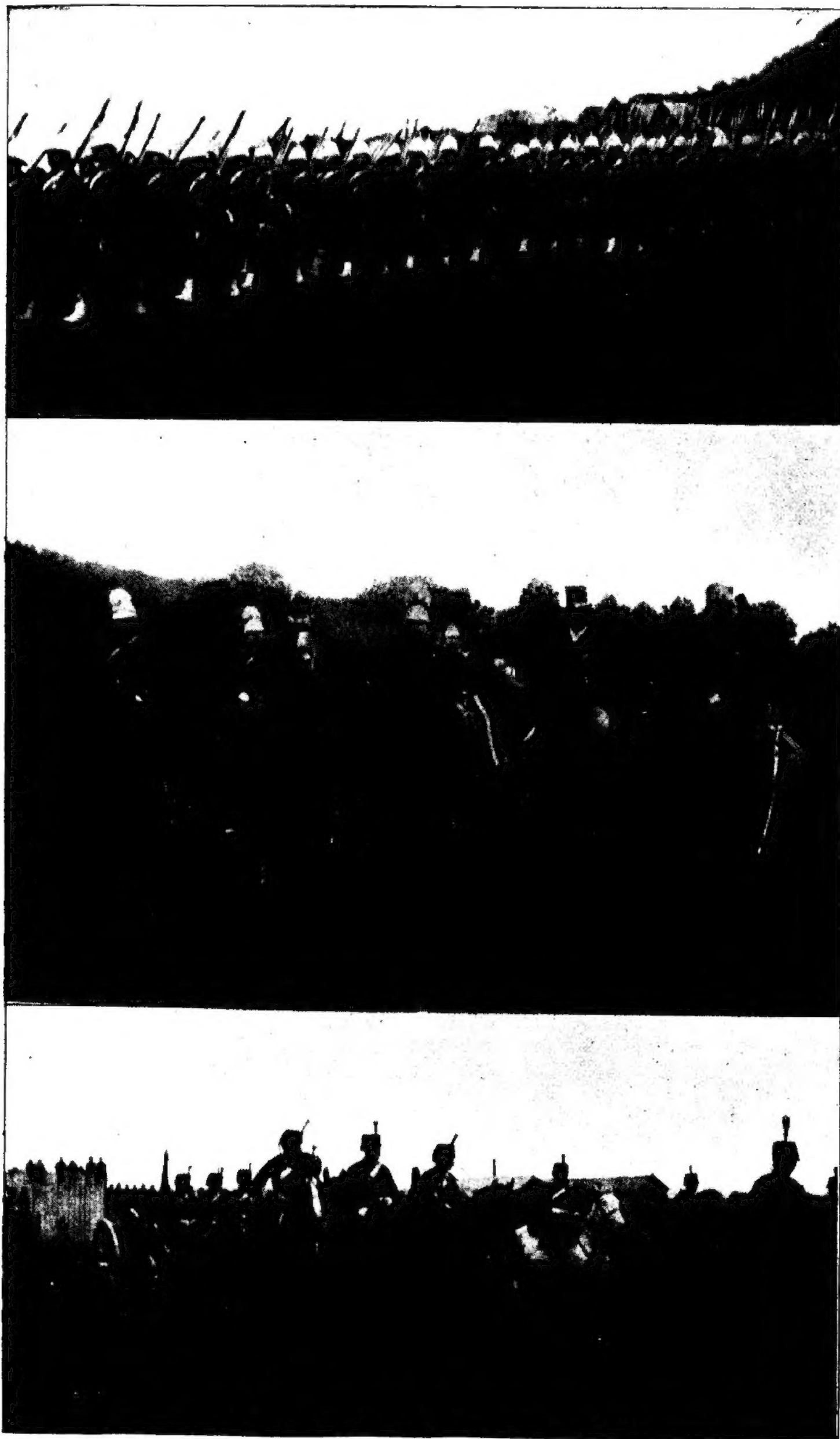
J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE ETHNOLOGY OF THE BRITISH RACE.

The intimate relation of the Gallic tribes in the time of Cæsar with the British is a fact clearly stated in Cæsar's Commentaries (Book III.) It would be interesting perhaps to our readers to try and trace the possible connection of these Gauls with Asia Minor and the East, and to show what sympathy should exist to-day between the British as a colonizing people in Canada, and the French-Canadians who dwell in our midst; and, although 1400 years at least have passed away since the two were united together as one race, we hope that the time may not be far distant when the Gallic tie will again become sufficiently apparent as to, at any rate, excite an interest in the enquiry as to origin, to such an extent as to, if possible, unite the severed portion once more to its parent stock. Our object at present being only to tentatively put forward our views, we will not unnecessarily give the original matter in detail, for fear of tediously lengthening out what just now is better kept in the ethnologist's reserve.

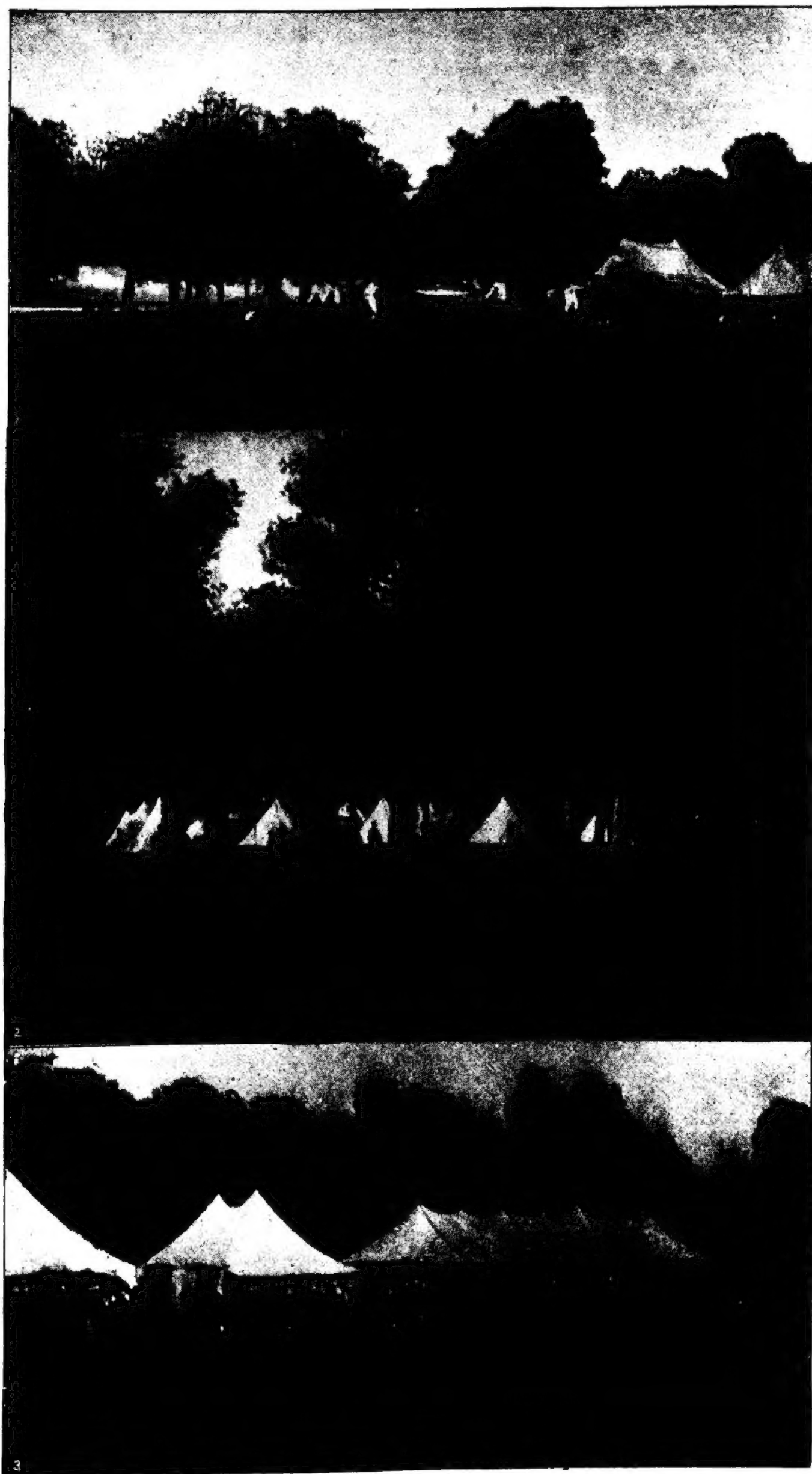
Those who are acquainted with such atlases as Cellarius', for example, will find ample proof from ethnographical research in tracing back the names Caledonia, Ibernica, Pictones, Ebor, Britium, Damnonia, Albion, etc., etc. Every one of these names in their original occurring from Britain right across Gaul, Spain, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor and to the region between the Caspian and the Black Sea to the south. We take the three names of races which included the whole of the British tribes at the time of the landing of Cæsar—Cymry, Brython and Llœgyr. We trace these to the west coast of the Black Sea, and including the Cimmerian Sea itself in the name Brito-Lagæ. Another most interesting research may be touched upon, and this has been said to be at present the only true guide to ethnology, that is the system of numismatics. The coins known to have existed in these several localities at the time of their passage through those regions have followed the race in their symbolic character. Thus, from Asia Minor and Syria, we trace the *Trident* of the British half-penny, the *Trinicia*, or three-legged man, on the modern coin of the Isle of Man, the *Duo Gasa* or two-spears of the Fingal warriors, and the horse (or *Pegasus*.) Again as to philology we learn that the ancient Celtic is clearly a language that was derived from no European tongue; but, rather the contrary, the European derives many of its roots from the Celtic, and that the Celtic claims the same relationship to the Hebrew on the one side as the Sanscrit does on the other. We do not wish to start an argument upon the priority of either of these two latter, although it may be admitted that the Sanscrit is very ancient. We merely say that Hebrew is prior to the Celtic, but that the Celtic is mainly derived and that immediately, we believe, from this language, call it Punic, Aramaic, Syriac or Hebrew.

L.G.A.R.



THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN MONTREAL.

1. The Royal Scots marching past. 2. The Reviewing Staff. 3. The Montreal Field Battery.



THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN MONTREAL.

1. The Reception by the "Queen's Own" of Toronto.
2. The "Queen's Own" Camp on St. Helen's Island.
3. The Lunch after the Review.

A Country Wedding.

BY YESTER.

"Come with me, girls," she said, mysteriously. We followed, wondering what was coming now, as she led the way to the front of the house, and there on the verandah, before the hall door, with no softer pillow than the door-mat, lay the bridegroom, fast asleep. The morning sun was shining warm upon him, and the faithful Tim was stretched at his side. He had begun to smoke, for a half-smoked cigarette had fallen from his mouth.

Aunt woke him with tears in her eyes, and we asked him to explain his conduct. It seems that he could not sleep after the pillow fight, and so went for a walk with Tom to get Annie's daisies as soon as the sun began to rise; after which he sat and smoked on the verandah, when sleep at last overtook him. Tom, he thought, had gone for a swim.

He would not hear of resting again, so we took him to the breakfast-room and fed him on rolls and coffee and strawberries and cream, and lionized him to the utmost of our ability.

At length all the breakfasts were over, and the toilets made, and the time actually arrived when we were to go to the church. Annie had taken her breakfast in her room, and Arthur and Tom had gone before to the church. Annie looked her very best in her soft white summer dress, with quantities of daisies and a very becoming white bonnet. She had begged to be let off wearing a veil, as it made her nervous; so there was not much difference between her and her bridesmaids, except that our dresses are plainer and we wore hats instead of bonnets. Little Elsie looked lovely. She had a face like a peach, lit up by a pair of beautiful dark eyes. Her rich brown hair was "put up" in honour of the occasion, and, though it gave her a too grown-up appearance, was exceedingly becoming, and she looked as charming as only a country maiden of sixteen can look. She and little Dick were the handsomest of the party. The latter spoilt boy insisted in driving with the bride and her father, so we expected that Annie would be given away by her two male relatives.

As we left the house nothing happened to disturb our peace of mind but the howls of poor Tom, who had been locked in his prison again after his morning walk.

We reached the church, and soon the solemn beautiful words of the marriage service quieted our ruffled spirits. The bride was all she ought to be, and made her responses in a firm, sweet voice, and Arthur looked handsomer than I had ever seen him, in spite of his strange vigil. The little church was filled with the country people of the neighborhood, and had a very bright, cheerful appearance, with the sun streaming in through the open windows, through which also a gentle breeze came, laden with the matchless scent of the woods and clover fields.

It had been the wish of the friendly neighbours to decorate the church for the occasion, but Mr. Radford had disapproved of it, so nothing had been put up but a very pretty arch at the gate outside. The children of the Sunday-school, in which Annie had been a teacher, were provided with flowers to throw before her as she walked down the path.

Instead of the homily in the prayer book Mr. Radford spoke a few well chosen and more suitable words from a text taken from the Psalms.

The last word in the homily is "amazement," and as far as that one word goes, it would have been more appropriate than the sermon, for just as Mr. Radford was drawing to a close there was a rush and a scamper, and Tim dashed up the aisle and crouched at Arthur's feet. He seemed to feel the solemnity of the occasion, for, once in the church, he looked rather ashamed of himself, and made no sound, except the nervous whacking of his tail against the floor. The other best man spoilt things a little by saying, in an audible whisper: "Down, sir, down!" And that *enfant terrible*, Dick, who had held his father's hand during the ceremony, released himself and rolled over the animal with a little chuckle.

When the move was made towards the vestry, Tim's spirits revived, and he bounded and jumped, fawning upon the happy pair in a most riotous manner all the way down the aisle. Afterwards, in the open air, he relieved his feelings by a series of short barks, and rather spoilt the effect of the children's flowers by catching them on his back or in his mouth. It seems he had forced a board out from his prison wall and squeezed through, and so joined the wedding party.

The breakfast seemed to pass off nicely, and no further attempt was made to banish Tim, so he lay by Arthur's chair. Annie's famous jelly was a failure and would not come out of the moulds properly, and my ice cream was in a liquid state; but there were other things to eat, and as far as appetite went none of us were deficient.

The only interruption we had during the important meal was caused by the turkeys, at whose ominous pipings Belle and I exchanged anxious glances some minutes before their owner heard them. We hoped he might be too much occupied with his duties as host to notice them, but our hopes were vain, for he suddenly let fall his carving knife and fork, although Mrs. Cumberland was waiting for a helping of tongue, and started up. "Dash those turkeys!" he exclaimed, "they're in the peas. Excuse me!" and he shot through the door into the garden, where we heard him loudly scolding John for leaving the gate open.

Towards the end of the meal Mr. Radford got up and managed to say a few polite things about the young couple, to which Arthur replied gracefully enough. I don't know how it came about in my nervousness, but in a few minutes Tom was on his feet and began, in his cracked voice:

"It's rather hard on a fellow to have to say civil things about his sisters (laughter) just because they are bridesmaids, but there is another bridesmaid that I *can* say something about," and he cast a benign look of approval on Elsie. "In all the fuss we've been having (titter from the Englishmen) Elsie is the only one who has kept her temper as a lady ought to." Elsie blushed and everyone else laughed merrily. "It was all very fine for some people to say things wouldn't go nicely, but I always said—if Mr. Radford did his part well, it didn't much matter about the rest of us, as long as we kept cool and good tempered. I'm sure Mr. Radford has done things up so nicely for our cousins, and—and—there's nothing to be regretted." "Hear, hear!" interrupted uncle, who was enjoying the result of his joke immensely. "I forgot to mention," continued Tom in an official tone, "in speaking of good temper (laughter) that I think Tim—" Here the table was suddenly jerked up so as to shake the glass and china, and our female nerves, and Tim bounded out and fawned upon the orator. "Now, quiet, sir," said Tom, putting his arm round the dog and holding him in a standing position, while the creature tried to lick his face. "I was going to say that I think Tim here was as good tempered as the best of us, and I'm sure I wish he'd been the best man instead of me, for he would have made a much better one, as he's not half so shy."

As soon as Tom sat down, amid roars of laughter, I forgave him from the bottom of my heart for talking such rubbish, as I saw from everybody's ready enjoyment that the pain of Annie's departure would be lessened in the excitement. Mrs. Cumberland, especially, was delighted with the very raw, well-meaning boy, and while Annie was preparing for her drive to the station tried to get him to promise to spend his next bank holidays with her in New York.

John drove the happy pair, accompanied by Tim, to the train, the carriage filled with rice and old slippers.

V.

Arthur and Annie were to have the use of our Quebec house, while they got their necessary provisions for camping out, and Aunt Sue, Belle, Tom and I remained two days longer at Springfield to help the Denhams to get settled again and cheer them after the separation.

Uncle seemed to forget his promised revenge on Tom and was in high good humour, now all was over, though he still seemed to consider it was all a fuss about nothing.

"I think our plan was the best, after all, Kate," he said to aunt, as we were all sitting on the verandah the evening of the wedding day.

"What was that?" asked I, wondering why Aunt Kate blushed so and Aunt Sue looked so nervous.

"We ran away!" laughed he, not heeding Aunt Sue's awful look of warning, and the presence of Elsie and the younger children.

Elsie perched herself on his knee, crying "Oh, daddy, tell us all about it."

Aunt Kate looked ready to sink into the earth, and Aunt Sue came to the rescue.

"Why do you talk such nonsense, Harry?" she said. "Elsie would believe any of your romances."

"Dear me! She can believe it. It was the wisest thing I ever did in my life."

"It must have happened just about the time when you were young, Aunt Sue," said Belle, mischievously.

"I'm sure," continued the reckless man, "if Elsie can find as nice a fellow to run away with as her mother did, she's welcome to go."

Here Tom with a sagacity beyond his years, or at any rate out of keeping with his usual conduct, came to the rescue by introducing another subject. His silence during the conversation, so painful to his beloved Aunt Kate had surprised me, till I saw that he noticed her distress, and I was delighted to see that this unformed lad was not without sense and feeling.

"Uncle, did you hear about Belle's new beau, in Quebec?" he asked; "brother of a fellow I used to lick like anything when I went to school."

Uncle was always ready to listen to Tom's accounts of his deeds of valour, so the two chatted away while we got up a game of tennis.

As we left the verandah uncle was saying: "Now you'll have to lick the elder brother, Tom, for I thought Belle seemed to hit it off nicely with young Ingram" (one of the English guests at the wedding) "and he's just the man for her."

Tom remarked that he seemed to be "a good solid chap," and we heard no more.

Mrs. Cumberland was still at Springfield when we came away. She seemed so pleased with the country and her hospitable host and hostess that she readily accepted the invitation to remain till Mrs. Weston returned to Montreal to welcome Annie and Arthur home.

A day or two after we got home to Quebec we received a piece of birch bark with a one cent stamp on it, on which was written a pencil scrawl from Arthur. "Expect us on the fourteenth." That was all; there was no word of explanation as to their change of plans, for they were to have stayed a fortnight.

We thought it only polite for Tom to go and meet them, so he went down to the Palais Station in time to see the evening train come in from Lake St. John. He told us afterwards how he was received by our guests, and vowed he would never go to welcome another newly-married pair; and indeed their appearance was enough to frighten anybody. Their faces were swollen and disfigured almost beyond recognition; the skin had peeled from their noses, which were a painfully brilliant red, and their clothes smelt strongly of balsam and smoke. But we took them in and were kind to them, for, having had some experience of the havoc which flies, mosquitoes and a bright summer sun can work, we put a charitable construction on their dilapidated appearance. Tim was quite himself, though, and, as usual, a model of good humour.

Tom's polite attention in going to meet them was not appreciated, as I said before, for when he went into the crowded car and greeted them cheerfully at the top of his peculiar voice with—

"Hullo! so you're turned up before the time. What an object you are, old fellow! You look as if you'd been on the spree. What have you got your veil down for, Annie? Why, Tim, you're the only one who has a smile for a fellow," the only answer he got was a growl from Arthur.

"Why in the world did you come to meet us? You're making all those folks stare."

For there was a gay picnic party on board from Lake St. Joseph, and some Americans who had looked rather curiously at the sensitive couple. So poor Tom complained that they had scolded him

all the way home, and he was tired of everything connected with weddings and honeymoons.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Weston had soon tired of the monotony and mosquitoes at Lake Edward, and when Arthur had an offer from some American gentlemen whom he met up there, who were "doing" the Laurentian Lakes, to buy his portable tent and utensils, he had gladly closed with them, and brought his wife to more civilized regions as soon as possible."

They remained in hiding with us for a week, and he treated their bites with vaseline and cold cream, and they looked quite presentable when they went off by the Montreal boat, and were in excellent spirits.

Annie now writes that Arthur is going to take her to New York in October to visit his sister, and she adds that Mrs. Cumberland insists that Tom is to be there at the same time and is going to send him a pressing invitation.

THE END.

ROSA BONHEUR AT HOME.

In a recent number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we gave our readers a specimen of Rosa Bonheur's work. We now present them with a pen-picture of the lady herself. It is from the chapter on "Lady Artists" in "My Autobiography and Reminiscences," by W. P. Frith, R.A.

In 1863, writes Mr. Frith, the great Exhibition was held in Paris, in which the English school of painting was worthily represented, and as worthily acknowledged by the French. I went to Paris, accompanied by Millais, as I have noted elsewhere. Our friend Gambart was the first to introduce the works of Rosa Bonheur to the English collectors. The famous "Horse Fair" passed through his hands, together with very many others, some of which still remain with him in his marble palace at Nice. Above and beyond all the eminent French artists to whom Gambart introduced us, we were most anxious to make the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur. Our desire was no sooner made known to that lady than it was gratified, for we received an invitation to luncheon with her at her château in the Forest of Fontainebleau. See us, then, arrive at the station, where a carriage waits, the coachman appearing to be a French abbé. The driver wore a black broad-brimmed hat and black cloak, and had long white hair, with a cheery, rosy face.

"But that red ribbon?" said I to Gambart. "Do priests wear the Legion of Honour?"

"Priest!" replied Gambart; "what priest? That is Mademoiselle Bonheur. She is one of the very few ladies in France who are *décorées*. You can speak French; get on the box beside her."

Then, chatting delightfully, we were driven to the château, in ancient times one of the forest-keepers' lodges, castellated and picturesque to the last degree; date, about Louis XIII. There lives the great painter with a lady companion; and others in the form of boars, lions and deer, who serve as models. The artist had little or nothing to show us of her own work. Her health had not been good of late; besides, when her "work is done, it is always carried off," she said. Stretching along one side of a very large studio was a composition in outline of corn-threshing—in Spain, I think—the operation being performed by horses, which are made to gallop over the sheaves—a magnificent work, begging to be completed.

"Ah," said the lady, looking wistfully at the huge canvass, "I don't know if I shall ever finish that!"

Of course Millais was deservedly overwhelmed with compliments, and I came in for my little share. That the luncheon was delightful goes without saying. One incident touched me. We spoke much of Landseer, whose acquaintance Rosa Bonheur had made on a visit to England, and with whose work she had, of course, great sympathy. Gambart repeated to her some words of praise given by Landseer to a picture of hers then exhibiting in London. Her eyes filled with tears as she listened. I can speak no more of female painters after paying an imperfect tribute to the greatest of all, so that with that immortal name I conclude this chapter upon lady artists.



From the elder of the authors of "The Masque of Minstrels" we received some time ago an intimation of his change of residence. "I greet you," he writes "from another part of the Border State. I am now in Cherryfield, Washington county, a lumber town, on the Naraguagus river, five miles from the sea. We have just begun to set up our home, and think the Muses can smile on us here. We left the old friends; we are finding, or making, the new. I hear of you occasionally, and never without pleasure and desire for your welfare. Montreal is becoming so accessible from Maine I hope some day to greet you on your own ground, and others of the singing and writing fraternity. Make my regards to them. Fraternally, ARTHUR J. LOCKHART." We can assure our esteemed friend of a welcome whenever he comes.

An American, Mr. W. C. Fitch, determined, during a recent visit to England, to obtain, if possible, an interview with Mr. Browning. The English papers are indignant at what they consider an uncalled for invasion of privacy, and rate Mr. Fitch soundly for his importunity and for the bad taste of giving his impressions of the poet to the public. The usage is certainly not one to be commended. Nevertheless, we can understand Mr. Fitch's curiosity, though some of his critics have failed to imagine "a reasonable colour for his intrusion." Mr. Fitch knew very well what he was about. He knew that his visit, besides gratifying a not altogether vulgar desire to see in the flesh one who had so often, delighted, solaced and puzzled him, would give pleasure to thousands of readers, to whom Mr. Browning (our English mentors insist on the "Mr.") will be a more real entity from his description. For our own part we are simply filled with envy at Mr. Fitch's courage and success, though we would prefer not to be scolded, even at a distance.

"Almost before I knew it," says Mr. Fitch, "Browning had come quietly in, and greeted me cordially. One cannot deny that his personal appearance is not ideally poetical. He is below the medium height, and rather thick-set in build. His hair is grey, and his beard, which is not long, lies close to his cheeks on the sides. His eyes are bright and most attractive, and his face, full of expression, holds you strongly as a magnet. There is that subtle something in him which would make us eager to swear fealty to him, if we did such things nowadays, and he would allow us, which I doubt, for he is a greatly modest man. He came into the drawing-room the morning I was there in a rough brown suit, and shook my hand warmly. His manner is easy and delightful. He drew me over to a couch between two windows, and there we had our talk; he seated himself with one leg crooked under him—practically, unconventionally comfortable."

One of Mr. Fitch's English critics says, in a plaintive condoling tone, that "surely it can be no gratification to the latter (Mr. Browning) to see himself thus described." To which it might be replied that, after all, the infliction is not so terrible, and that, if Mr. Browning sets the satisfaction of thousands against his own small inconvenience, he (true man and lover of men as he is) will rather rejoice at Mr. Fitch's visit. Any chagrin at the personalities, which give piquancy to the pen-picture, is, we would say, wholly out of the question in the case of such a man. As for the "Mr.," though the rule is, we believe, to omit it only in speaking and writing of the "simple great ones gone," it is surely no slight to anticipate the verdict of an admiring posterity.

Let any one read through that grand aspiration of George Eliot's, "O may I join the choir invisible," and he will find such small conventionalities woefully out of place in association with the mighty minds that are the living forces of the world's thought and the inspiration of its highest aims. Once such minds have revealed their power and won their recognition, what matters the interval of a few brief years? They are omnipresent

and for all time. Nevertheless, as a friend reproachfully said to us a few days ago, "etiquette is a great power. We must not disregard it."

We are happy to introduce to the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED a lady who should not be, and, we feel assured, is not, a stranger to many of them. Miss Clotilda Jennings is, like not a few of our best writers, a Nova Scotian. Her literary triumphs in her native province have been many, though some of them have been won under a *nom de plume*. She has published two volumes, "Linden Rhymes" and "The White Rose in Acadia and Autumn in Nova Scotia—a Prize Tale and a Poem." She contributed a poem to the Burns Centenary Wreath, while still extremely young, and has written much for American as well as Canadian periodicals. In both her prose and her verse Miss Jennings excels in depicting the scenery of Nova Scotia, in describing the manners of its people and in illustrating its romantic past. The contribution with which Miss Jennings has favoured us is a sonnet on

SABLE ISLAND.

From leaping surge that beats thy desolate shore,
Drifting o'er ridge and plain, the keen salt foam
Scents herbage scant where small wild horses roam,
The native herds that still these wastes explore.
The picket makes his solitary tour
Between the stations, and that daily tide
Of human succour timely doth provide
For hapless mariner whose hope is o'er.
Crouching for prey the cruel coast lies low,
With outstretched reef and shoal, whose jaws beguile
To doom the fated voyagers they throw
To thy grey burial sands—tempestuous Isle!
Relentless waves their savage lullaby,
No siren thou—dread tiger of the sea.

Of modern French poets there is not one who touches the heart more surely or has a profounder knowledge of the tenderness and pathos that are often hidden under rough exteriors than François Edouard Coppée. He is still comparatively young, having been born in 1842. Though he cannot be reckoned among the poets that have excited wonder by their precocity, he wrote early and was not slow in winning fame. Before he was twenty-four his merits had been sufficiently recognized to justify his being employed on the *Parnasse Contemporain*. Before he was twenty-six he had published two volumes of verse, and a year later he was favorably known as a dramatist. For more than twenty years his name has been before the public of his native land, and to-day he is recognized by the majority of critics as France's greatest living poet.

Though essentially a patriotic writer, and subject to the limitation which intense patriotism implies, Coppée's sympathies are really as wide as humanity. The romance of common life he brings out by describing with simple power incidents and situations that stir the purest and kindest emotions. Sometimes the story that he tells seems almost pointless in its commonplace till, after reading on a while, one gradually feels the eye suffused with the dew of pity. Into the cares and sorrows of the humbler life of his fellow-countrymen he enters with insight and force, glorifying the rudest scenes and shedding a halo of beauty and heroism around the homes and haunts of simple toilers of sea, field or factory.

A few weeks ago we gave a translation of Coppée's poem, "The Horoscope," by Mr. George Murray. As a specimen of Coppée's style, and in order that our readers may see how closely Mr. Murray has followed the words, as well as caught the spirit of the poem, we now give the original:

L'HOROSCOPE.

Les deux sœurs étaient là, les bras entrelacés,
Debout devant la vieille aux regards fatigués,
Qui tournait lentement de ses vieux doigts lassés
Sur un coin de haillon les cartes prophétiques.

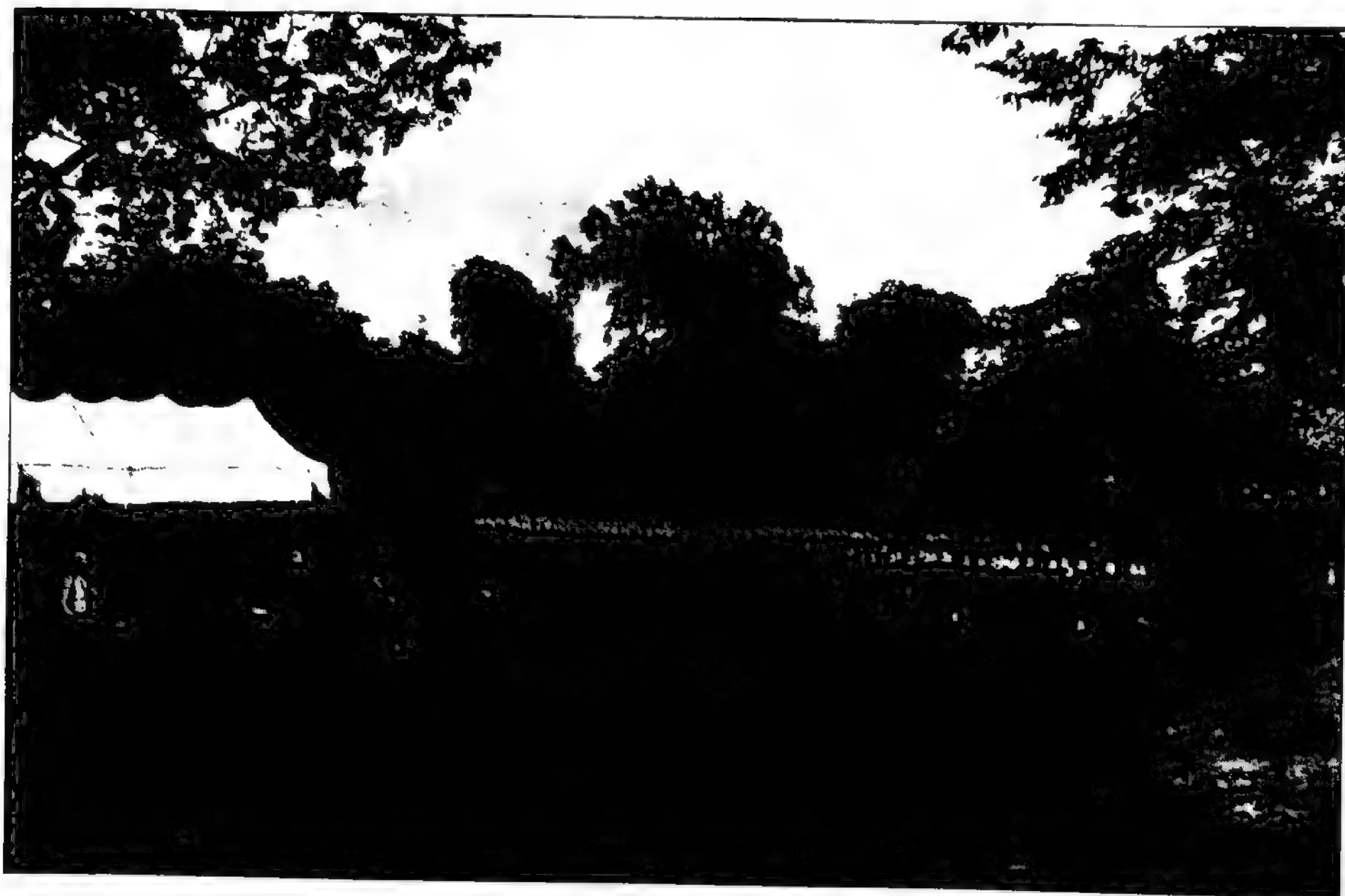
Brune et blonde, et de plus fraîches comme un matin,
L'une sombre pavot, l'autre blanche anémone,
Celle-ci fleur de mai, celle-là fleur d'automne,
Ensemble elles voulaient connaître le destin.

"La vie, hélas! sera pour toi douloureuse,"
Dit la vieille à la brune au sombre et fier profil.
Celle-ci demanda: "Du moins m'aimera-t-il?"
—Oui—Vous me trompiez donc. Je serai trop heureuse."

"Tu n'auras même pas l'amour d'un autre cœur,"
Dit la vieille à l'enfant blanche comme la neige.
Celle-ci demanda: "Moi, du moins, l'aimerai-je?"
—Oui—Que me disiez-vous? J'aurai trop de bonheur."

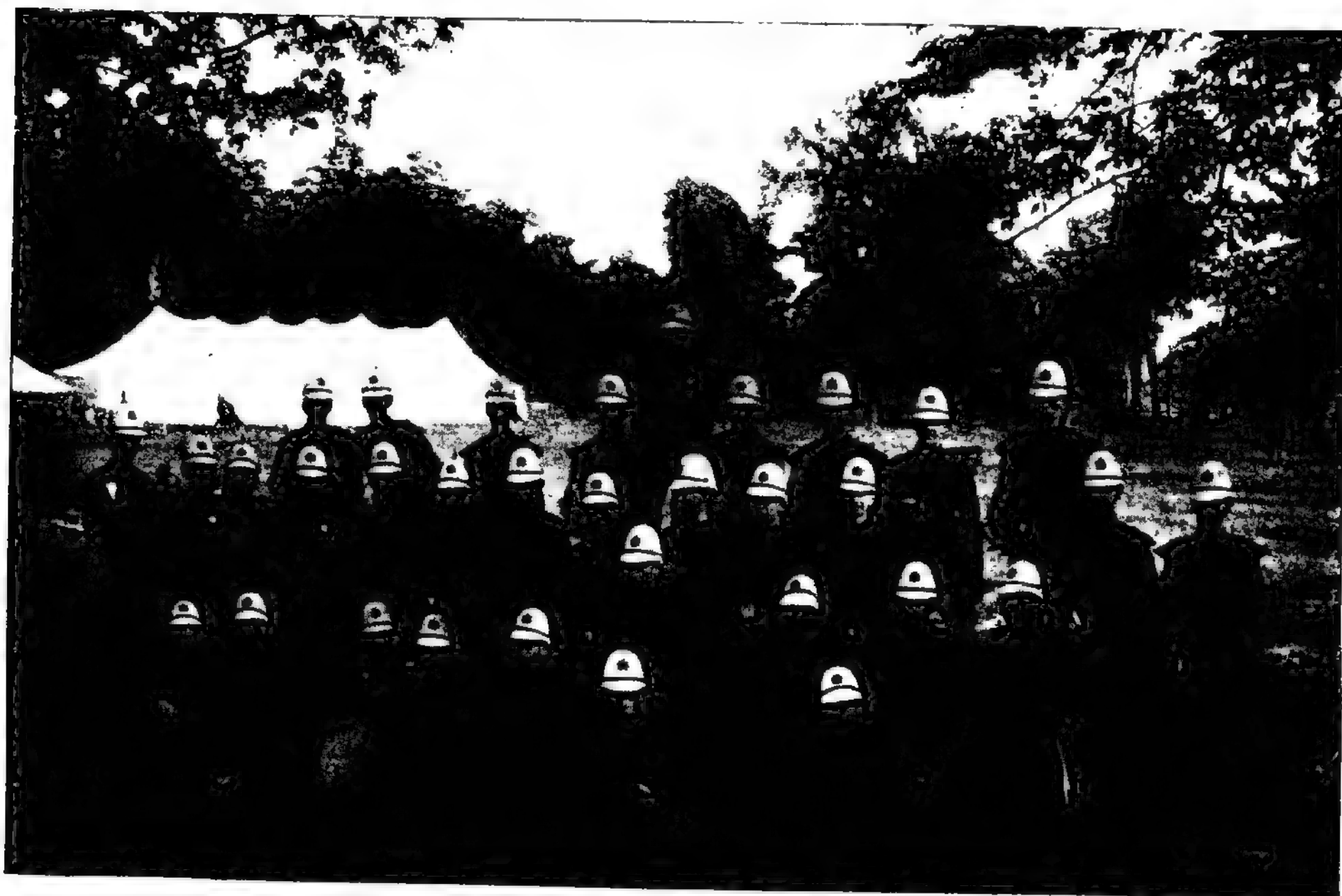
Mr. Murray's translation appeared in our issue of June 1, page 331.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN MONTREAL.



THE "QUEEN'S OWN" CHURCH PARADE ON SUNDAY.

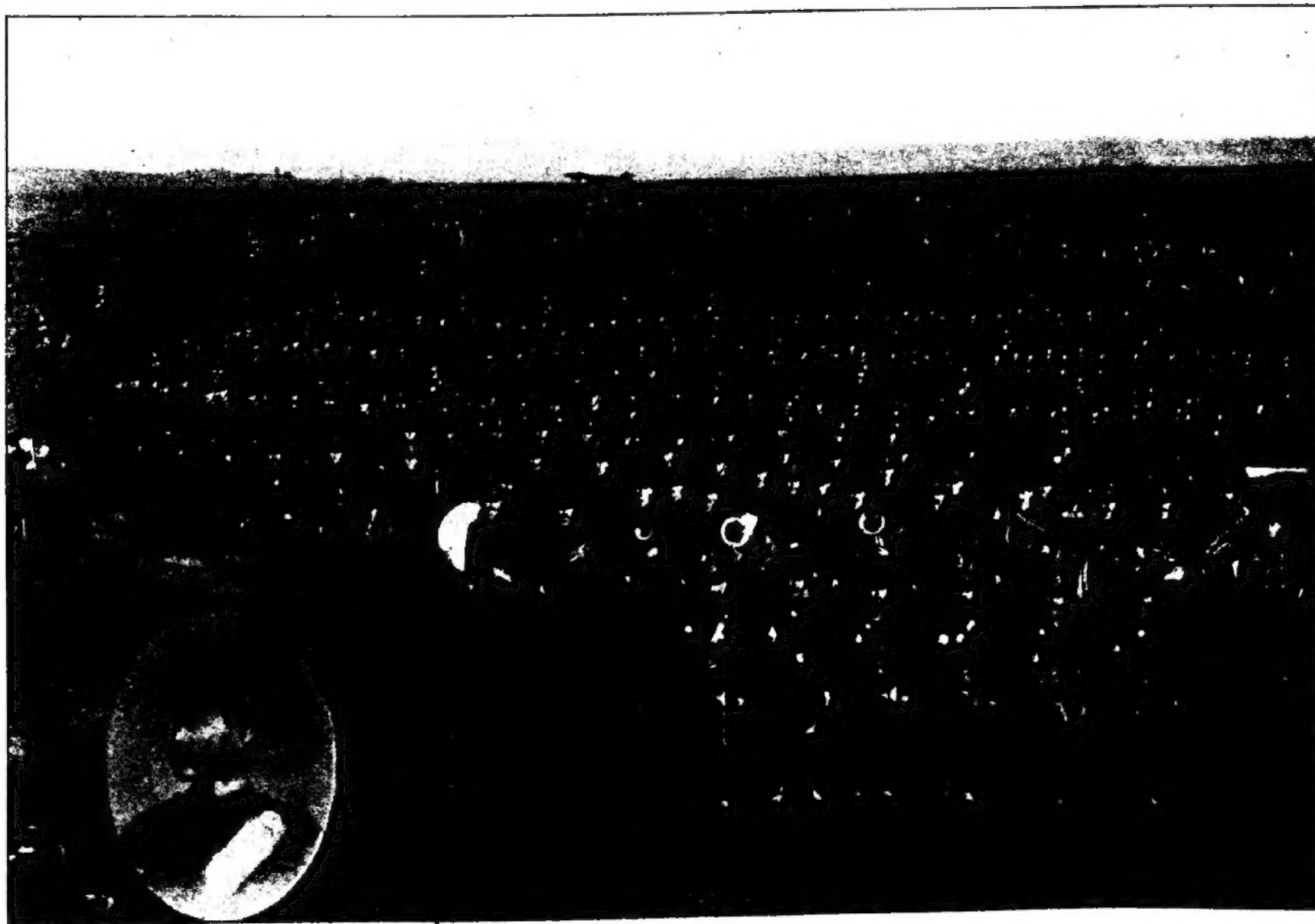
From a photo. by Larin.



THE "QUEEN'S OWN" DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS.

From a photo. by Larin.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.



THE 8th ROYAL RIFLES ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.

From a photo. by Liversois



"VICTOR'S" ARMY OF COOKS AND WAITERS FOR THE LUNCH AT ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



Applying kerosene with a rag when you are about to put your stoves away for the summer will prevent them from rusting.

Never allow soap to be rubbed upon flannel, as it causes the long woolly pile to knot together, and the fabric becomes what is known as "felty."

Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water, and kept applied to sores and new cuts, bruises and sprains, have been found effective in many hospitals.

To wash a coloured silk handkerchief, make a soap solution with soap and boiling water; add cold water till quite cool. Rinse the handkerchief well in this—squeeze, but do not rub. Rinse again in cold water, and hang out in the shade in the open air till half dry, and iron while damp.

There are few things that will collect mould as quickly as old boots or shoes, more particularly if in a close receptacle, such as a dark closet. Consequently, when they are laid away for any length of time, they should all be taken out into the light and air occasionally, to keep them in fair condition.

WHAT TO EAT.—We may eat potatoes and salt and—exist. We may eat fish and become—"cranks." We may eat bread and butter, without limit, and—die of dyspepsia. We may eat meat only, and become gross and coarse in mind and person. We may eat fruit and content ourselves with the assurance that "in Adam all die." We may eat anything and everything, miscellaneously given and carelessly received and make of our stomachs a bric-a-brac repository and a physical junk shop. But is it well to do this?

DRYNESS OF THE LIPS.—This is caused by a feverish condition, or from irritation in the alimentary tract, causing dryness of the mucous membrane lining the mouth and lips. Take a dose of pyretic saline occasionally. Take lime juice, or lemons squeezed in water; eat plentifully of grapes, apples, oranges, &c., especially before breakfast. Let the diet be as bland and mild as possible; use milk in preference to tea and coffee; take animal food only at dinner-time, and then sparingly. Avoid pastry, condiments, and stimulants. For an outward application to the lips use lanoline cold cream, or carbolic glycerine and rose water, or citron ointment.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CATARRH.—The great remedy for catarrh is to keep the mouth shut. Years ago George Catlin, who gained much of his knowledge on health matters during his open-air life among the Indians, wrote as follows:—"There are many mineral and vegetable poisons which can be inhaled by the nose without harm, but if taken through the mouth destroy life. And so with poisonous reptiles and poisonous animals. The man who kills the rattlesnake, or the copper-head, and stands alone over it, keeps his mouth shut, and receives no harm; but if he has companions with him, with whom he is conversing over the carcasses of these reptiles, he inhales the poisonous effluvia through the mouth and becomes deathly sick, and in some instances death ensues. "Infinitesimal insects also, not visible to the naked eye, are inhabiting every drop of water we drink and every breath of air we breathe; and minute particles of vegetable substances, as well as of poisonous minerals, and even glass silex, which float imperceptibly in the air, are discovered, coating the respiratory organs of man; and the class of birds which catch their food in the air with open mouths as they fly, receive these things in quantities, even in the hollow of their bones, where they are carried and lodged by the currents of air, and detected by microscopic investigation.

AXMINSTER CARPETS.—Axminsters are the most costly and magnificent of British-made carpets, thick, soft, and luxurious to the tread, and are only found in the rooms of the more wealthy classes. They are almost identical with those of Tournai, and are similar in make, but considerably finer and

softer than those of Turkey. They are made almost entirely of fine wool, front and back, knotted in tufts upon the warp threads, by the hand of the workman, and held together by an invisible groundwork of linen thread, a shadowy outline of the pattern being traceable at the back. They are still made, but the sale is limited, in consequence of their cost, incident upon the slow process of knotting in the tufts. A short time ago one was made for the Sultan of Turkey, the cost of which was £1200. Patent Axminsters are a close imitation of the above, made by a cheaper method invented by Mr. Templeton of Glasgow. The process is a species of double weaving. In the first instance long strips of chenille are made, which in appearance have a mottling of colours thrown in indiscriminately, but which, in fact, are the elements of the future pattern. A loom is then set up, with heavy longitudinal threads, which is worked by steam power, and the strips of chenille are employed as the woof, the result being that the seemingly confused tints or colour arrange themselves into accurately defined patterns, and a heavy velvet-piled carpet is produced, with a hard linen back, instead of the soft woollen back of the original Axminsters. Their comparative cheapness arises partly from the application of steam power, but chiefly because the same effect can be produced with half the quantity of wool used in the real Axminster, sufficient only being required for the velvet surface, while the back is made up of cheaper material.—*Boston Transcript.*

A BALLAD OF BRITTANY.

BY HUNTER DUVAL.

FYTTTE THE FIRST.

High on a cliff of Léonais,
With the brown moorland at its back,
And not far from the Breton sea,
There stands the keep of Kerouillac.

Ede had been turned to wife from maid
Not many months—but only three—
When with her spouse, Lord Eudes, she strayed
On the slope nearest to the sea.

A wearied man clomb up the steep,
The froth was on his horse's mane,
A missive gave, then to the keep
Rode in with slackened bridle rein.

The Baron led his ladie dear
Full well and stately into hall,
Then quickly donned his warlike gear
And took his arms down from the wall.

"Now, whither goest thou, good my lord,
Now tell me whither art thou bound?
Why takest thou thy casque and sword
And call'st not for thy hawk and hound?"

"I go not now to fly my hawk,
Nor do I go to hunt the hern;
I only seek the forest walk,
To track a red roe in the fern."

"Dear love, do men don mail to course
The dappled deer? Do barons call
Their fierce retainers, foot and horse,
To hunt in proof and armed all?"

"Fair dame, a Breton chief of pride
Without his train should ne'er be seen,
And I bethink me now to ride
A joyous joust upon the green.

"Sweetheart, go call your bower-maries,
Go busk your hair, my honny May;
'Tis woman's part to smile and tease,
'Tis man's to arm and ride away."

In hottest haste his men did ride
With him and wended towards the sea,
And sad Ede heaved her breast and sighed:
"My own dear lord deceiveth me."

FYTTTE THE SECOND.

"Ho! helper oldé, quick unfold
What may this sudden mounting be?"
"O lily ladie, I am old
And nothing now they tell to me."

"Little lithe page, say an' you can
Where goes my lord? when comes he back?"
"Lady, I would I were a man,
To strike with him for Kerouillac."

"Three days on end the stout March gales
Have steady blown, three days and more;
Full three days the brown English sails
Have hovered on the Breton shore."

"And to the shore I ween my lord
Hath led his menyé all amain,
To smite a stroke with edge of sword
And prick with lance for fair Bretagne."

"Lead palfreys out, my maid-maries,
With our own hands put pillions on,
For my lone heart is ill at ease
To know where my dear love hath gone."

"Don on thy shoon, thou little foot page,
And swiftly run thee by my knee,
Though boy in years, be man in age,
And guide us down towards the sea."

As rode fair Ede, afeard and lone,
All downward where the pathway stooped,
Three magpies chattered on a stone,
A snake hissed near, a brown owl whooped.

A hare skirred fast athwart the hill,
A crow flew by with heavy pace,—
Quoth Ede: "These warnings omen ill;
Saint Brieuc hold us in his grace!"

Her anxious way Ede seaward made
When on the lower level down,
But met nought fearsome till she stayed
Hard by a hammock bald and brown,

Whence she could hear the wild alarms
And din of battle sounding sore,
And tramp of hoofs and clash of arms
Come in fierce gusts up from the shore.

She heard the good swords ring on mail,
The clash of lances shred like reeds,
The whiz of arrow-shafts like hail,
The gruesome shriek of wounded steeds,

The war cries shrill, the charges' crash,—
All these she heard—ah! woe is me!
And behind all the angry wash
And booming of the breaking sea.

FYTTTE THE THIRD.

Just where the pathway, no ways broad,
Up to the land ascended higher,
A rift of grey rock closed the road,
And on the rock there grew a briar.

Two cross-bolt casts from where Ede stood
There came upon the dusty way,
Around the spur and scrub of wood,
Two men who led a charger grey.

The charger's coat was flecked with red,—
A wounded steed is sore to see,—
Down to its knees it drooped its head
And bubbling blood dropped sullenly.

A dead man, lank and limp and tall,
Across the selle was thrown, I ween;
One stayed him by the shoulder spaul,
The other steadied at his feet.

Off his bared head the long fair hair
Dripped in wet rings, and his clenched hand
And frowning brow seemed as he were
Yet grasping the revengeful brand.

They came anear and gently laid
The dead chief on the grassy plain,
And one man, shame-faced, faltering said:
"Lady, the good Lord Eudes is slain."

Shrill piercing shrieks from Ede outrung,
Her beating heart she wildly pressed,
And passionate herself she flung
Upon the dead man's bleeding breast.

"Dear love," she moaned, "one kiss, but one,
Though thou can'st not give one to me;
Eudes, thou art dead, and under sun
I cannot live withouten thee."

A roving arrow, random shot,—
O fatal arrow and waly woe!
Could it not find some meaner blot?
Malison on the English bow.

That sped the sharpened point that fell
'Tween her fair shoulders as she lay,
O cruel fate! O loved donzelle!
That willing sighed her soul away.

The fight was done, the foemen fled,
The wind came moaning from the sea,
But Ede and her dear lord lay dead,
Her arms around him lovingly.

And when the northeast wind pipes shrill
And landward scuds the driving wrack,
They say these lovers' ghosts haunt still
The lonely keep of Kerouillac.

* All of these being mens in the superstitions of the Bretons.
† Blot—the centre of the target in archery.



The following article on a theme in which all readers are more or less interested is from the editorial columns of *Good Housekeeping*, a fortnightly household magazine unsurpassed of its kind:

There is probably no one word of the English language more used and worse abused, more often misquoted and misunderstood, than that of "Society." The popular acceptance and meaning of the term is that of fashionable frivolity, an indiscriminate intermingling of sets, sects, cliques and circles. The true definition and meaning of society, on the contrary, is the mechanical manipulation of social life and well-being. All else of whatever name or kind, is false and only a fleeting show. We too often hear of "good society" and "bad society," and an analysis of the elements that go to make up such imaginary departments of life and living shows that what there may be either good or bad in such formations should be charged to the individual lives of each one of the members of such society.

We hear of the society of the "upper ten;" of the "well-to-do;" and of the masses. Club life, secret societies, church sociables and neighborhood gatherings all have their uses and abuses and find shelter under the broad wing of the magic word "society." To secure a front seat in many of these charmed circles, deprivation, humiliation and even suffering is often endured.

The society of wealth has its votaries; of dress its admirers; of condition its followers; of place and power its self-seekers; of personal notoriety brazen trumpet-toned public announcement; of culture, intelligence and personal worth, a limited and slow following. Among all these grades and conditions, caste and countings, of so-called "Society," the one redeeming feature of social life is in danger of being buried from sight, as the hurrying world passes by, in its eager strife to keep up with the procession of notable persons and things—that of the Society of the Home. Here lies the foundation of all true society, and here only may the great social problem of humanity looking to the highest elevation and betterment of the human race be satisfactorily solved.

One dictionary definition of the word society is "Companionship," "Fellowship," "Company." Good company is good fellowship and good companionship. Bad company, on the other hand, is bad fellowship and bad companionship. Companionship, fellowship and company may be of good form; may be clothed in fine linen; may sit on eminent seats; may be written high up on the scroll of fame; may occupy place and power; may be of loud-mouthed professions, but if the combination hath nothing more, "there is yet one thing lacking"—the social feature that has its birth and being in the quiet circles of intellectual, moral and spiritual well-doing and being which has a prominent place in the social life of the Home. Etiquette and fashion may be of the first water; good form may be followed; position may be gained, but if without the foundation which pure Home Life alone builds, "society" is but a mockery and a sham.

ISLAND ECHOES.

"Hear the dewy echoes calling."—Tennyson.

The echoes of "The ship that had gone down at sea, when heaven was all tranquillity," have scarce died away when we are aroused by the sound of rushing waters in our ear and the bubbling cry of too many a strong swimmer in his agony. Columbia weeping for her children and will not be comforted, because they are not. If in the one case our grief had its edge taken away by the compensatory thought that the race of heroes has not died out under the seemingly prosaic influence of modern civilization, and by the gallant record of rescuer and rescued as well as of those who died to save their comrades—of Strong, McVey, and, more recently, of Mate Charbonneau and Captain Mercier—let us not be hard on the fact that amid the noble

deeds of those who tried to save their fellow creatures so many instances of ghastly and ghoulish greed mar the cheering record. In times of overwhelming disaster men seem to recur to the original predatory instincts of humanity—"the good old plan, that those should take who have the power and those should keep who can."

It is said that "experience makes fools wise." We cannot be fools, for it would seem that experience would never make us wise. The wanton destruction of America's towns by water is the natural result of the previous wanton destruction of her forests by axe and fire. Brighton was said to have "a sea without ships and a country without trees." Desolate, indeed, as a silent sea into which no ships have burst is a country without trees. The joys not of the "wild woods," which are impenetrable, malarious, insect-plagued and unendurable, but of the well cleared or planted "bush" are open to all. And if we deny ourselves these pleasures Nature seems to punish us for our short-sightedness, in ways of which we could never have dreamed—wind in winter, floods in spring, shelterless heat in summer, drought in early autumn.

Woods and forests by means of the leaves and sticks and fallen trees prevent the water which falls in a sudden rainstorm from flowing off quickly enough to cause any serious inundation. Apart from these an immense amount is retained by the leaves themselves. The celebrated Boston elm is estimated by Gray to have 7,000,000 leaves, or five acres of foliage. Each of these leaves when rain falls is not only retaining a portion on its surface to be evaporated back into and cool the air, but absorbs it into that mysterious plate of cellular parenchyma, which seizes the invisible and intangible carbonic gas of the air and turns it into visible and tangible starch, sugar and woody fibre. "Sure I had drunken in my dreams, and still my body drank." So the leaves drink whether waking or sleeping, for they do sleep and in four or five different postures, according to their races, like so many different races of men. Apart from these uses of bush land, an acre of maples, with 150 second growth trees to the acre, yields \$15 worth at least of sugar, besides honey, shelter to insect-devouring birds, lumber, firewood and leaves for leaf-mould, and has been proved to be equal to the same area of ordinary pasture for feeding cattle. The sugary shorts of the maple spray in early spring receive a delicious sweetness in the butter from the kine that feed on them.

Beneath "the bubbling cry" (alas!) "of so many a strong swimmer in his agony," our Island City, like every other place where there are schools of English speaking or of Chinese children, resounds with a feeble undertone of wails like those from Charles Kingsley's fields of hollow beet roots: "I cannot learn my lesson. The Examiner is coming." There is nothing so inquisitive as a child—nothing he enjoys so much as having his questions answered. It requires but a few slight, though all important changes, to make learning a pleasure and school time universally, as it is already in many cases, the most enjoyable period in life. We must teach children what we can make them wish to learn—to draw, to sing, to play at various games, to drill, to calisthenize in time with music, to examine plants, to read about different parts of the world and the glorious deeds done by their own forefathers, and to learn the real masterpieces of the poets. In their first reading primer each letter should have one power (or force) and that should be expressed by what they call the letters, the old barbarous names of the letters as given in our antiquated alphabet being, as Doctor Robins recommends, relegated to the dark ages. Thenceforward children should be taught to read by the "touch and tell" method, as advertized by Mr. E. Rexford, and a sufficiently interesting and intelligent way of teaching them will make multiplication the opposite of vexation, and division infinitely better instead of being "as bad" or worse.

I was once visiting the class of a valued friend of mine who was gazetted as the second most successful public school teacher in the whole of Ontario. On the blackboard was an exquisitely drawn blank map of China, though not with coloured chalks,

as insisted upon by Dr. Harper, or with the mountain chains marked to show that the rivers ran as they ran, because they could not possibly run any other way, as in the best German schools. After his scholars had given the names of each obscure river, cape, bay and town with a glibness of utterance and a pronunciation that would doubtless have made the Chinese themselves stare he asked me if I would like to ask them a few questions. "Do they know anything about the manners, religion and character of the inhabitants?" I asked, sotto voce. "No," said he. "Or about the productions of the country?" "No." "Or about the part China has played or is likely to play in the world's history?" Why, these are the only things worth knowing," whispered I. "I know that as well as you do," said Washington; "but I am paid to teach Mumbo Jumbo, and so I teach Mumbo Jumbo. I could hardly keep my school unless I did."

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.

HUMOUROUS.

WE suppose bad plumbing was the cause of the sink of iniquity.

THERE are few brass bands that can play as many airs as the drum major puts on.

JONES: "Do you tell your wife where you spend your evenings?" Smith: "Yes; when I know."

WHY is "naming the day" for the wedding like a naval battle? Because it is a marry-time engagement.

WHY are Adam and Eve an anomaly in grammar? Because they are two relatives without an antecedent.

WIFE: "The truth is, woman is a great fact in the world of to-day." Husband: Yes, yes; facts are stubborn things."

UNCLE Harry: "Well, Johnnie, and how did you like the ride on Uncle Harry's knee?" Johnnie: "Oh, it was very nice; but I had a ride on a real donkey yesterday."

AFTER a teacher in a riding-school had picked himself up from the tan he thoughtfully remarked, "I fancied I had improved in horsemanship, but I find instead that I have fallen off."

NO FALSE PROPHET.—"We shall have shad for dinner all this week," remarked the lean boarder. "How do you know?" asked the fat boarder. "I see by the papers that shad are a glut in the market."

THE densest of all created beings is the bore; he is, also, the most irritating, and was probably only introduced into the scheme of the universe in order that there might be some of all sorts.

"THE OTHER WAY ABOUT."—Irate Passenger (as train is moving off: Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you." Porter: "E—h, man! yer baggage is na sic a fule as yersel'. Ye're i' the wrang train!"

THE church was beautifully decorated with sweet flowers, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin, small Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve, and whispered, "Mamma, don't it smell solemn?"

IT is estimated that in eight cases out of ten if a man gets \$50,000 all of a sudden he will either go cracked in the head or make a laughing stock of himself. That's doubtless the reason why Providence keeps \$50,000 away from so many of us.

WIFE (at breakfast-table): George, dear, why do all the defaulting bank cashiers from the Far West go to Canada?" Husband (who is emeritus professor of geography): "Because, my dear, though there is less longitude there, they have more latitude."

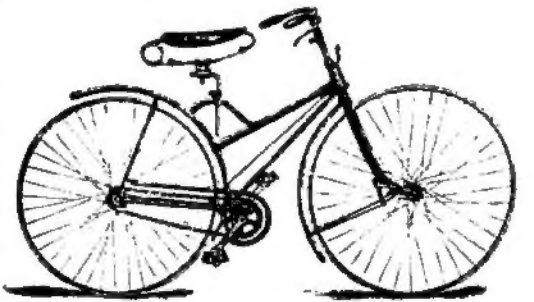
ADULT SON: "Mother, does a girl mean to encourage or discourage a man when she—" Mother: "My son, there is no need to go into details. When a girl starts out to either encourage or discourage a man the man never has any doubt about what she means."

As a rule, man's a fool;
When it's hot he wants it cool,
When it's cool he wants it hot;
Always wanting what is not,
Always hating what he's got,
I repeat,
As a rule, man's a fool!

"MAMMA, I know it's true about the golden streets in heaven." "Why, how do you know, Maud?" "Because, when I was on deck with nurse last night, something made a noise, and the sky split clear across, and then I saw the gold shine through."

MISS MARIE DEVOE (at the cooking-school): "Do you mean to say, chef, that we must put our bare hands into the dough?" Prof. Tartopommes: "Sairtainly, m'm'seile." Miss Marie Devoe: "Perhaps that is why I failed with my bread the last time. My gloves seemed rather in the way."

AN old washerwoman once would hang out clothes to dry on the railings of a church, and after repeated prohibitions from the church-wardens, she at last came out with the following burst of eloquence: "Lord bless ye, sir, ye wouldn't a go an' take the bread out of my mouth, would ye? 'Side, sir, cleanliness comes next to godliness, parson says."

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